

FEBRUARY 1956 20 CENTS

Dr. Marion Hilliard
talks to single women

l'atelaine

for the Canadian woman



Only one woman
in four passed this
fitness test—can you?

The day Gisele came home



Honeymoon Hotel

She won't be married to an ironing-board!
Terylene* even packs without wrinkling

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It's the 'Terylene' in the fabric that gives the suit lasting retention of fit, shape and drape . . . also keeps wrinkles out of the picture! Fabric-makers describe these blends of 'Terylene' and wool as having a soft "hand". You'll find them extremely pleasant to your touch, luxurious to wear. Imagine yourself with modern, convenient clothes like these! Just look for the distinctive 'Terylene' trade-mark on lovely things at all fine stores. CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED

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Chatelaine Centre



WRITER JUNE CALLWOOD WAITS WHILE GISELLE MacKENZIE NAPS IN HER ROOM.

Girls who dream of a glamorous life like Gisèle's can take June Callwood's word for it that it's hard work. June kept up to the singer's schedule for a day while collecting notes for our story, *The Day Gisèle Came Home*, page 14. That's June, above, waiting outside the dressing room where Gisèle MacKenzie was napping. June was tired, too. To meet Gisèle's plane at Malton Airport at 10:30 a.m., June, who is also Mrs. Trent Frayne, was up with the milkman in order to feed her husband and three children and drive in from her suburban home. From then, until she got back again after midnight, she was only occasionally off her feet. When she wasn't trying to sandwich in a few words with Gisèle herself, in the airline limousine and in her hotel and dressing rooms, she was hurrying to keep up with the singer as she moved from reunion to reunion with people she used to know, watching rehearsals for the evening television performance and much later, the show itself. The party which followed the show, June reports, was a stand-up affair. So were the lunch (sandwiches) and dinner (doughnuts) that she and photographer John Sebert managed to wedge into the day. There's a nice footnote to the story. The next morning, June tells us, Gisèle had breakfast in bed. And so did June.

Besides writing fiction

(The Runaway Bride, page 12), Marguerite Carriere tends a home, husband and two daughters in Lachine, Que., substitute - teaches in nearby schools and raises the odd litter of Welsh corgi dogs, one of which (above) Mrs. Carriere is holding sound asleep through his first picture. Mrs. Carriere was raised in the West, in fact, in all three



prairie provinces—first in Calgary, then on a farm in the Qu'Appelle Valley of Saskatchewan and finally, through high school, in Manitoba. Currently engaged on a juvenile book, she feels that there's a fine crop of material for the fiction writer in the true history of the West.

Donna, the child in Dorothy Sangster's article, *The Little Girl Nobody Wants*, which appeared in our December issue, is wanted by a great many families now. The letters, telegrams and long-distance calls that have come to Chatelaine and the Children's Aid and Infants' Homes of Toronto from almost every province add up to one hundred and two prospective homes for Donna. One little girl in Newfoundland sent her a doll for Christmas. Most of the people who wrote understood fully the problems they'd have to meet by pointing out their own qualifications for meeting them. The result is that Donna will soon be placed in a home of her own—probably close to Toronto so that her prospective parents can get to know her first, just to be sure, before she's moved once again. And because of the tremendous response to Donna's problem, the adoption staff of the Toronto Children's Aid is confident that other handicapped children in their care will soon have permanent homes. So it seems that our Christmas story not only has a happy ending but a happy sequel, too.

When Chatelaine Institute Director Marie Holmes remarked on the difficulty of settling on Fifty Favorite Family Recipes for the March issue, she wasn't complaining about a dearth of recipes from our readers across the country. The Institute offices were almost adrift in recipes—some five thousand, which is almost twice as many as the contest attracted last year. Although Institute staff members all had to extend recipe reading to after hours at home—even with extra

help in opening envelopes and sorting recipes into categories—they got a great deal of pleasure from their work.

There were the friendly letters from readers telling the origin of many of the recipes, how some of them had been improved, and happy occasions at which they starred. And there were the amusing letters from readers who wanted to correct the omission of some highly important ingredients. From almost all of the letters, Marie Holmes and her staff got the impression of pleasure in the sharing of favorite recipes. In its sixth year, our contest for Fifty Favorite Family Recipes seems to have become a full-grown institution.

Dr. Marion Hilliard, we're pleased to report, is now a fund. Begun by a small group of her patients about a year ago, the Marion Hilliard Fund has just grown (patients who were known to the original group supplied names and addresses of other patients) until now it amounts to about five thousand dollars. Her patients will turn over this money to Dr. Hilliard to be used for the benefit of medicine in any field she chooses. We think it's a remarkably pleasant idea that they should honor her in this way while she's still a most active member of the medical profession. And we're glad to have a small part in their enterprise by passing on the information that the fund will be kept open after January 28, the date on which the official presentation is being made in Toronto, and that the address for contributions is the Marion Hilliard Fund, Guaranty Trust Company of Canada, 70 Richmond Street West, Toronto 1. *

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Vol. 28 No. 2

The lady in the red velvet hat is model Louise Olsen. The hat, in velvet and red leghorn straw, is by Green's, Toronto. Photo by Rockett.

Chatelaine

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

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YOU WERE ASKING

Chatelaine



Somebody Does Want Donna

We are interested in adopting another child and when we read this story it kind of hit the spot (The Little Girl Nobody Wants, December). Could you give me any information on getting in touch with Donna?—Mrs. K. L., Ontario.

... I am afflicted in the same way as Donna... Six years ago I married a very fine man and we have a son who is perfect in every way. Life doesn't cheat us if we are determined not to let it—and I'm sure Donna and all other handicapped can grow to be fine citizens. What greater service can one do for God than open up our hearts and doors to these children?—Mrs. W. W., Toronto.

... Four years ago we applied for a child from one to five, with some mixed blood or with some disability. Why then was our application returned? Could it have been our religion? We are Bahais...—Evelyn M. Raynor, Downsview, Ont.

... We try as far as possible to place a child in a home of the same religious faith as that of the natural mother. If, for some reason, we encounter difficulty in placing a child, we would consider placing it with adopting parents who hold another religious belief such as Bahai World Faith.—Mary E. Speers, Supervisor Adoption Department, Children's Aid and Infants' Homes, Toronto.

... I pray Donna will find the family she needs. I wish it could be us.—Mrs. G. Rutledge, Toronto.

To read the happy ending to Donna's story, turn to page 1.

Nothing to Wear for Winter

Right now I feel I haven't a decent thing to wear anywhere. Could you help me choose a winter wardrobe? I am the wife of a young executive, twenty-seven, and have two small children. I am brunet, with blue eyes, five feet one and a half inches, and weigh one hundred and twelve pounds. Also, are seamless stockings a wise choice for a person with not too shapely legs?—Mrs. E. M., Regina.

Start with a tweed suit, perhaps in jewel blue, with a slender skirt and seven eighths coat. With it wear sweaters, silk or satin shirts, town or country accessories. Next, choose a full-length coat in a natural shade of Borgana (a soft, light nylon fur) to be worn with black or brown accessories. You will also need one wool dress—either a shirtwaist style or a short-sleeved, square-necked sheath, for day wear, and dressed up with jewelry for dinner or informal parties. Try dark green or black and dress it up with a scarf or gloves of ice-blue. Strangely enough, seamless stockings are more flattering to the legs than those with seams. A medium-dark shade is most slimming.

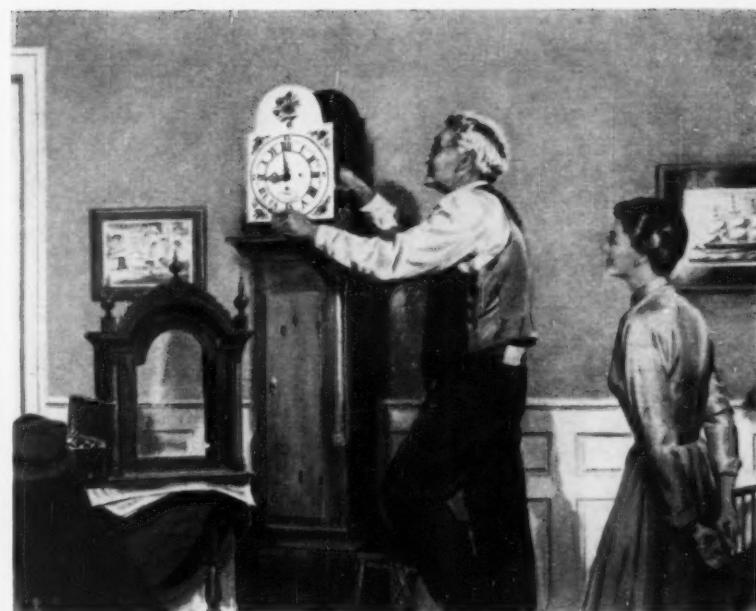
Should a Queen Be Ordinary?



I like the royal family the way it is (Will the Queen Get Her Wish for Her Children?, December). I don't want my Queen, prince or princesses to be ordinary people... Let's keep the pomp and tradition of British history—and the unity of the Commonwealth.—Mrs. N. Runge, Ceylon, Sask.

More letters on next page

Send your comments and your questions to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. All letters must be signed, but, where requested, names will not be published on personal questions.



Can you help your heart "tick" longer, too?

Sometimes a clock that has kept perfect time over the years will get temporarily out of order. With an expert's skilled attention, however, it can go on ticking again for many, many years to come. The same is true of your heart.

There are a number of things that can happen to your heart. Among the more serious of these is the form of heart disease due to hardening of the coronary arteries.

The coronary arteries nourish the heart itself. They are truly the "life lines" which make it possible for the heart to beat some 2,700,000,000 times during the Biblical age of three score years and ten.

Heart disease caused by coronary-artery trouble is becoming increasingly recognized. In fact, many of the conditions vaguely called "heart trouble" or "heart attack" are caused by partial or complete blocking of the blood flow at some point in the coronary arteries. The common form of such occlusions is known as coronary thrombosis.

The outlook for those who have had coronary thrombosis is good and is steadily improving. Studies show that four out of five recover from first attacks of this severe form of coronary heart disease.

Today, the great majority of those who successfully withstand their first attack can, if the heart has repaired itself through rest and skilled medical care, safely resume activities with little or moderate restriction.

In fact, many such people have not only been able to resume full-time work involving great responsibility, but have continued at work for many years. Indeed, being at work was actually "good medicine."

Thousands of other people with various heart impairments are also living happily and fulfilling useful places in life. They can do so because they have learned, with their doctor's help, how to lift the important removable burdens from the heart—such as those imposed by overweight, strenuous and prolonged physical activity, fatigue and emotional upsets.

These examples should bring new hope and comforting reassurance to all of us. We cannot be complacent, however, about heart disease, for it continues to be the leading cause of death in our country. So, if you are approaching middle age, now is the time to do these things to help protect your heart:

1. Keep your weight down. If you are overweight, follow your doctor's suggestions to bring it down.

2. Exercise regularly, but moderately. Stop before you get overtired.

3. Have periodic health examinations. Never wait for heart symptoms to jolt you into seeing your doctor.

4. Follow your doctor's advice about healthful living habits, particularly as regards diet and rest.

Remember, the normal heart is strong, with a great reserve of power and a wonderful capacity for comeback. Even an impaired heart can carry on and, with sensible care, usually be expected to do its job to a ripe old age.

If you want to know more about this subject, write for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet entitled *Your Heart*, which tells more about protecting a healthy heart and caring for the impaired heart.

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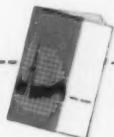
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YOU WERE ASKING *Chatelaine* CONTINUED

No More Soggy Potatoes



How can I prevent potatoes from being wet after I boil them?—Mrs. Lorenzo Fournier, Campbellton, N.B.

Use a mealy type of potato. After boiling, drain thoroughly then shake the pan uncovered over the stove burner to allow moisture to evaporate.

Tempest in a Porridge Pot

We folks of Ste. Anne des Chenes (and some of us are former boarders) are much annoyed at the article, *A Drawerful of Porridge*, by Anna Painchaud, in November *Chatelaine* . . . Possibly a few times the meat and porridge was not at its best, but one must remember in those days we had no freezers, and the Sisters were trying to organize a new convent and doing their utmost to care for those children in their charge . . . Referring to Sister Ste. Luce as a martinet, I pause and wonder if Anna Roy was not also a martinet during her teaching years.—Mrs. Agnes Stewart, Ste. Anne, Man.

Architects' and Decorators' Fees



If you employ an architect and interior decorator, what fees are required?—Mrs. H. D. R., Vancouver.

Architects generally work on a fee up to ten percent of the total cost of the job, though this may vary with the architect and the size of the job. If an interior decorator is supplying the materials for draperies, built-ins, etc., he generally does not charge for consultation; and you pay the same amount for the items as if you were buying them on your own.

When Walls and Rug are Green

My apartment living room has two light-green and two dark-green walls. My rug is green, too. What colors would be best for upholstery and accents?—Mrs. H. S. Campbell, Leask, Sask.

A light cinnamon brown would be a good choice for your sofa. The accent color could be soft golden yellow, for warmth against the green. This yellow could be picked up in slip covers for smaller chairs, in yellow-and-white stripe or yellow-and-white print. For your trilights, choose an off-white.

Wanted: A Canadian Correspondent

Would it be possible for me to correspond with a Canadian housewife of my own age, twenty-nine? I enjoy music (preferably classical) and books, knitting and a game of tennis when possible. We are members of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, although my husband is English and a member of that church too.—Mrs. P. E. L. Jackson, 33 Thornwood Drive, Broomhill, Glasgow W. 1.

Crafts for Girls up to Ten

In our Community Club we have a craft class for girls from six to ten. Could you suggest some suitable projects?—Mabel Cusitar, Winnipeg.

Here are three ideas: *Collage work*—have the girls cut out pictures from cards, magazines, calendars and glue them to small metal wastebaskets from the five-and-ten. One girl might collect cats and dogs, another hands and eyes. Paste the clippings so they overlap, and after the paste has dried, paint the basket with two coats of clear shellac for protection.

Burlap place mats—buy inexpensive colored burlap, cut 11 by 18 inches, and fringe it one inch all the way around. Before fringing, stitch the mats one inch in from the edge to hold fringing in place.

A doll's house, made of two upright orange crates and furnished with remnants and cardboard furniture, is a long-term project and would make an ideal gift for a local hospital or orphanage. *

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By John Sebert (page 1, 14, 15, 16), Ray Webber (1, 26, 27, 54), Peter Croydon (9, 17, 21).



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Stay your
prettiest
while you're expecting

Approaching motherhood can be a mixed blessing, where beauty is concerned. On the credit side of the sheet, there are the glow, the sparkling eyes and the quiet vitality that seems to shine from every mother-to-be. On the debit side you may find your skin and hair behaving in distressing and strange ways. So, forewarned being forearmed, here are the beauty problems to watch for, and the ways to cope with them and make your pregnancy as pretty as possible.



Hair, and how to wear it . . . Straggly hair, the bane of beauty at the best of times, now becomes Number One horror. Avoid it whatever the cost. Invest in a good permanent (and this is an investment, in your beauty bank) after the sixth month and if it is humanly possible let your hairdresser shampoo and set your hair for each of the final four weeks. You'll look prettier, feel more relaxed. If, in spite of weekly shampoos, your hair persists in turning stringy between times shower it lightly with a dry shampoo. When you brush away the powder the grime and the grease go too. Keep your hair medium-short, brushed up and softly curved to frame your face. Forget about the severe, tightly drawn styles—they're hard to wear and tend to make your head seem too small for your body.

Skin, and how to care for it . . . Everything comes to her who waits, including a clearer, more luminous skin. Which does not mean that you can abandon all care and happily sit back and wait to grow beautiful. It does mean that, with a minimum of attention, you can look lovelier than ever before. Apply make-up with a light hand. Caked faces have nothing to do with radiance. If your rouge proves troublesome buy a bushy paintbrush and stipple it on, using the powder variety. Keep lip and nail colors clear and light—no

dark lush reds or plumby tones. Eyebrows should be penciled with brown or grey (black is too harsh) and a hair-thin line of eyeshadow drawn with a brush behind the lashes will make luminous eyes more so. Watch for a skin that turns dry and flaky—keep it smooth and lubricated with a nightly skin cream. Watch, too, for a darkening of the skin's natural pigment, particularly if your hair is brown or black. It will last only until the baby is born, but you'll need a slightly darker cake make-up. Smooth it on with a foam rubber puff over a fine, oil foundation. The same darkening may result in smudgy shadows beneath the eyes. There's a special foundation in lipstick shape to take care of these.

Grooming, more important than ever . . . With so many internal changes taking place, stands to reason some of the glands will be working overtime. Count on the perspiration glands to head the list—and lay in a stock of the antiperspirant that does most for you. Use it daily, more often if necessary. Whisk away leg and underarm hair and use a soothing body lotion to keep you smooth and satiny all over. *



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We were taken to task recently by a Lancashire housewife, about the indestructible quality of our fabric. Her Sanderson curtains, she writes, were bought in 1939—that last lovely pre-war summer when 'Workman' won the Grand National at Aintree. Since then they have been in constant use, always hanging at south facing windows; and still she is asked "Where did you get your lovely new curtains?" This is how the letter ends . . .

Lancashire, April 1954

The curtains have hung at my living room window for 15 years. alas! They are as new both in colour and wear, tell me, shall I have to live with this pair of curtains all my life?

that's the kind of thing people say about

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Learn to live with yourself



BY DR. REVA GERSTEIN

The martyred look is out for '56

LURKING in the back of almost every married woman's mind is a dream of what "might-have-been." It's a comforting little fiction especially on those awful days when the washing machine breaks down in the middle of a load or the drain backs up. In the dream she is a ballet dancer or a carefree artist, or a head buyer back in the department store where she sold gloves before she married.

Almost every woman feels she has one or two unfulfilled talents that were cut off when she decided to turn in her typing diploma for a marriage certificate.

On an ordinary day she never gives a thought to what might have been. She realizes she made the choice of what she would do with her life, and if she's a wise woman she probably has learned to find her happiness in the good things of the present.

But some women never seem to learn this simple lesson. They live in a small personal soap opera which always ends on the same refrain: "If only I hadn't married," or "If only little Johnny hadn't come along just then."

It's possible that a woman did have unusual talents but she made the decision to get married, didn't she? Now she regrets it—or more probably—she has mixed feelings about it. She may have given up a good job lest it jeopardize her husband's success in his job. Some firms frown on men with successful career wives. She has had to stay home or turn her energies to club work or to advancing her husband's social status. She feels her sacrifice has been much bigger than his. She feels she has been a martyr to her marriage.

The signs of her martyrdom are easy to detect. She may constantly daydream. She may show her resentment in a lackadaisical attitude toward her job of running a house and looking after her family. She may work it out in nagging her husband.

There are deeper signs, too, which only she can really recognize: hostility toward her husband and children; intense ambition for her children. She pushes them too hard, especially in the same field she wanted for herself.

Or she may act out the role of martyr literally for the whole world to see.

She is the woman who always does more than her share of the work—and then tells everyone about it. She has an insatiable drive toward perfection. She suffers. She complains. She's always tired. No matter how hard she works she's never satisfied with the results. Nobody in her home, or her club or her neighborhood really pulls their weight. But she does, and everyone knows about it.

You can pick out a martyr, or test yourself by a few simple questions: In a club or at home do you do all the work and do you feel the rest of the family or the other club members are shirking their responsibilities? Do you feel other club members don't like you—whatever the reason—that they're jealous of you or dislike you because you're so efficient? Are you coming home from clubwork in a state of exhaustion? Do you find it extremely hard to hand out praise to anyone else? Do you feel your friends and family owe you more love, obedience and understanding than you seem

Continued on page 29

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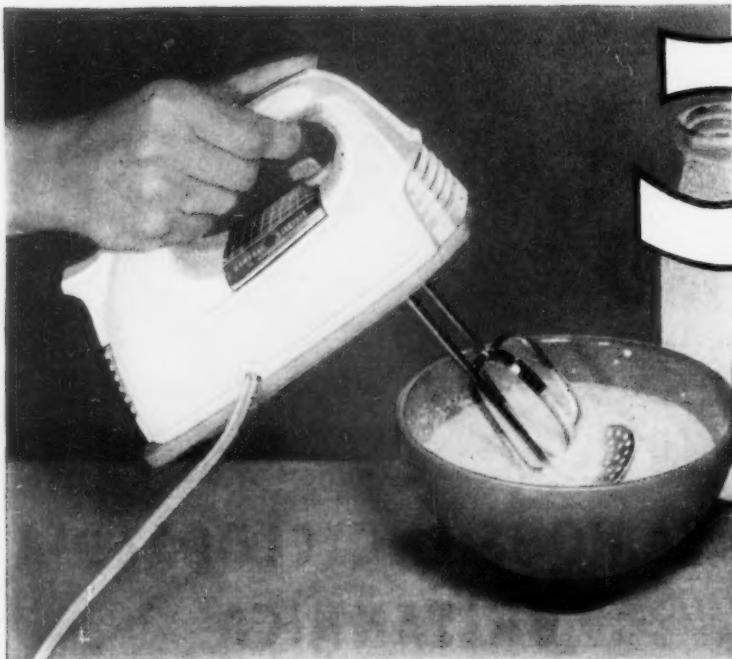
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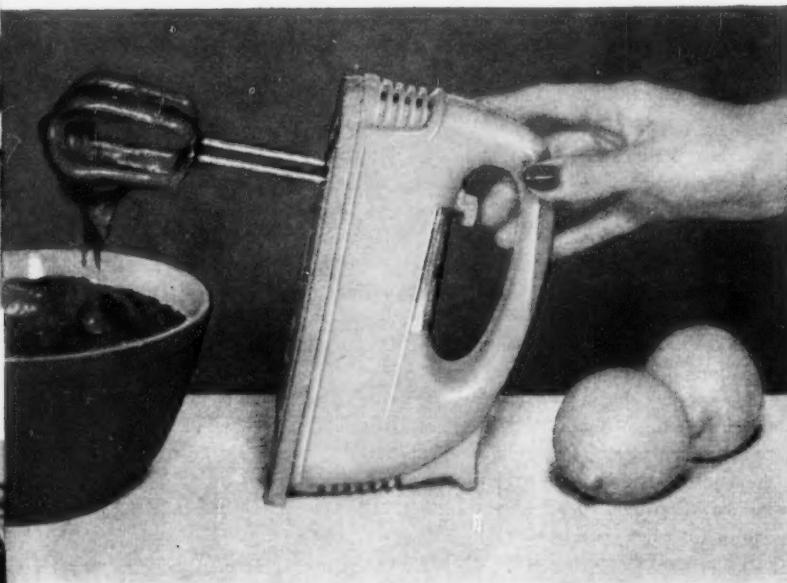


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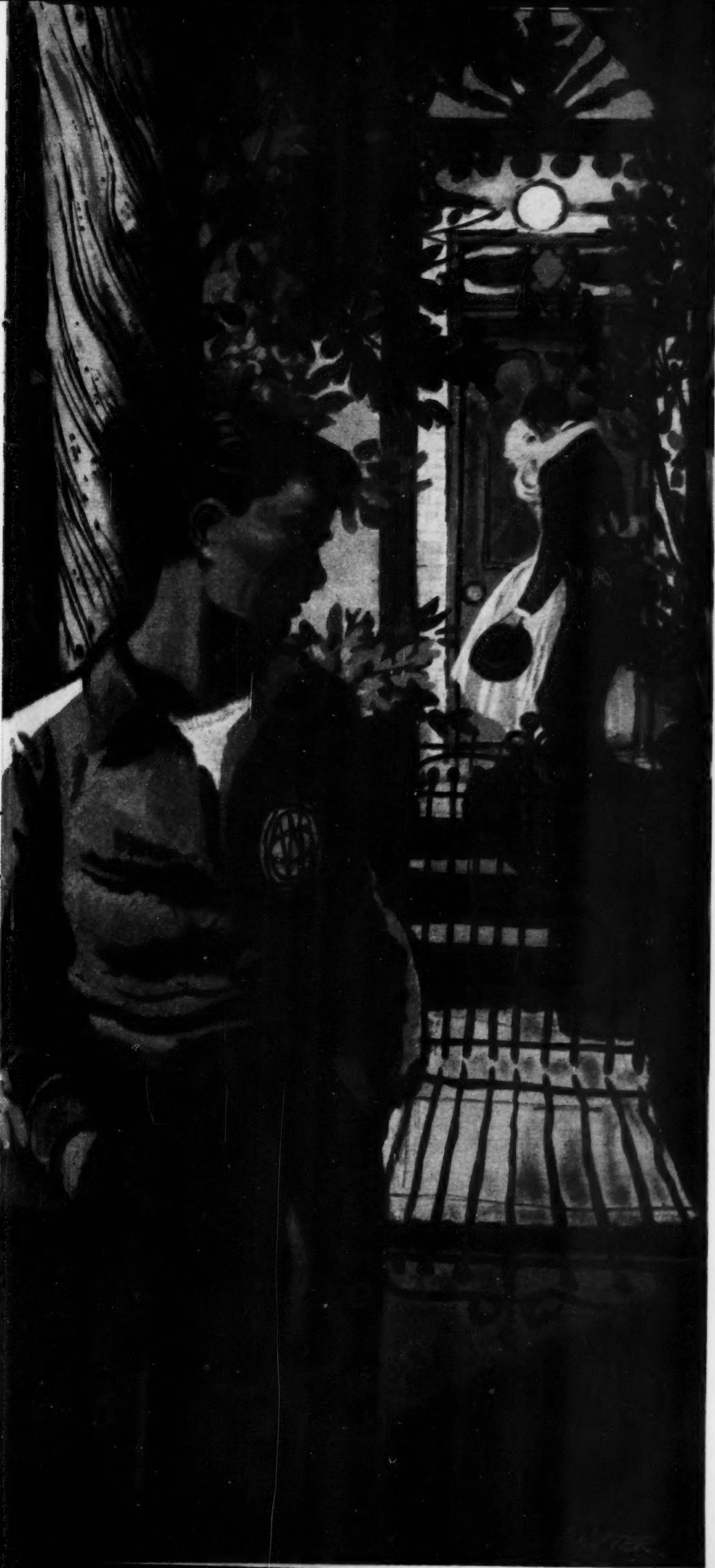
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NOT THAT I CARE

By HUGH GARNER

Illustrated by William Winter

This is about Arthur and a girl called Debby. But it could be the story of anyone when they were young and very much in love

IT WAS seeing Debby's picture in the paper last week that got me thinking of her again. I'd never really forgotten her, but when you haven't seen somebody for over a year you sometimes go for hours without thinking about them at all. I'm going to tell it all now, and it may help me to figure out why things happened like they did. Not that I care, of course, now that it's over, but I wonder about it sometimes.

We first met at a church picnic—honest!—back about five years ago. She'd lost her ticket for a free ice-cream cone, so I bought her one out of the dollar my mother had given me to spend.

She was a skinny little kid in those days, and I only bought her the cone because I was sorry for her. When I walked away from the ice-cream tent, she came running up to me and said, "Thank you very much." She looked kind of pretty when she said it, but I didn't want to bother with girls. I said, "That's okay," or something like that, and walked away. She walked beside me across the grass, and I hoped that none of the guys would see me with her.

After a while she said, "You're Arthur Lancaster, aren't you?"

I nodded.

Continued on page 55

I watched as Debby kissed the fellow good night.

The Runaway Bride

By MARGUERITE CARRIERE

Illustrated by Oscar

Hob could not let them take this girl back into bondage. He would fight to keep her with him and he would even find her a good husband

HOB NEWMAN hesitated at the door of the frame inn. Outside, his seven-year-old son Robin waited, astride the quick-hoofed mare. Simon, the four-year-old, dozed in the Red River cart. The ox chewed its cud, head down, as if tired before they started the overland trip from this post at the fork of the Qu'Appelle River flowing into the Assiniboine. They had an uncomfortable journey ahead to his home in the Qu'Appelle Valley, and he shouldn't delay the start.

Hob glanced at the silver in his hand. The mistress of the boarding house was hard. Charging for his babes, as if they were men. But even so, he must tip the girl who'd been good to the children. She'd gone earlier to the back of the house.

Hob waited his chance, pulling at his heavy mustache with thumb and forefinger. He was a big man, tanned to darkness so that his deep-set grey eyes contrasted with his face. He wore a shirt, and trousers rolled up to his brown knees, and held there by twisted grasses. A belt with tobacco pouch and knife went around his lean waist. He wore moccasins, for he'd put aside his high boots west of Fort Garry.

Noisy trappers were coming from the livery barn, boasting loudly of their Saskatchewan River country. He let them pass. When Mrs. Hanks, the mistress

of the house, greeted them effusively, he strode quickly, calling he'd mislaid his pipe. Mrs. Hanks kept close guard over Sarah Lloyd. She had no wish to lose her pretty, hard-working servant to some lonely bachelor.

Hob found the girl pulling covers from a hard bunk. Her head turned at his tread. Her blue eyes sparkled welcome.

"I came to gi' you this, say thanks and good-by." He reached out money.

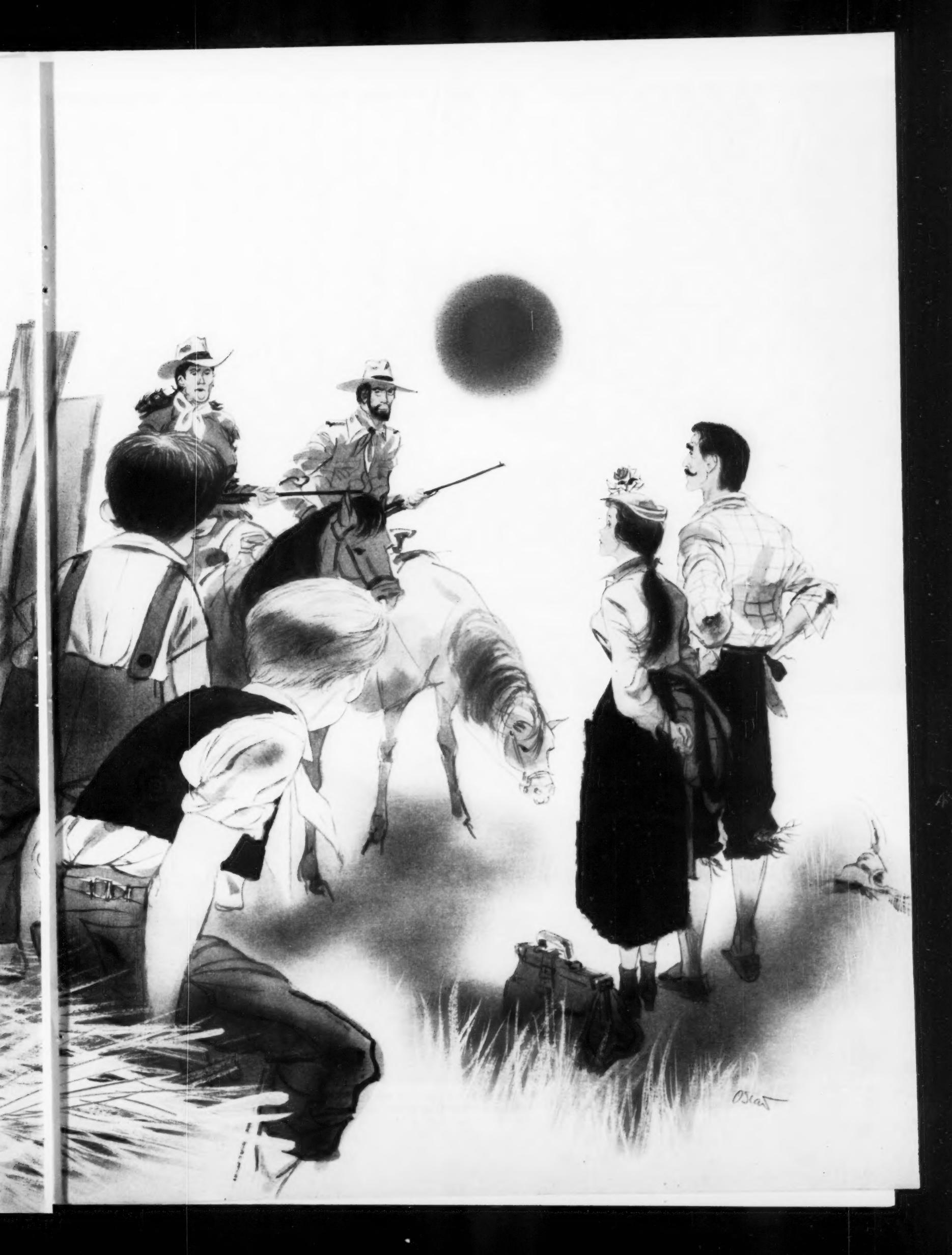
"Indeed, no," she said in her soft Welsh way, her long lashes dropping. "Mistress would take it." But he saw it pleased her, because her oval face flushed with pleasure as she smiled.

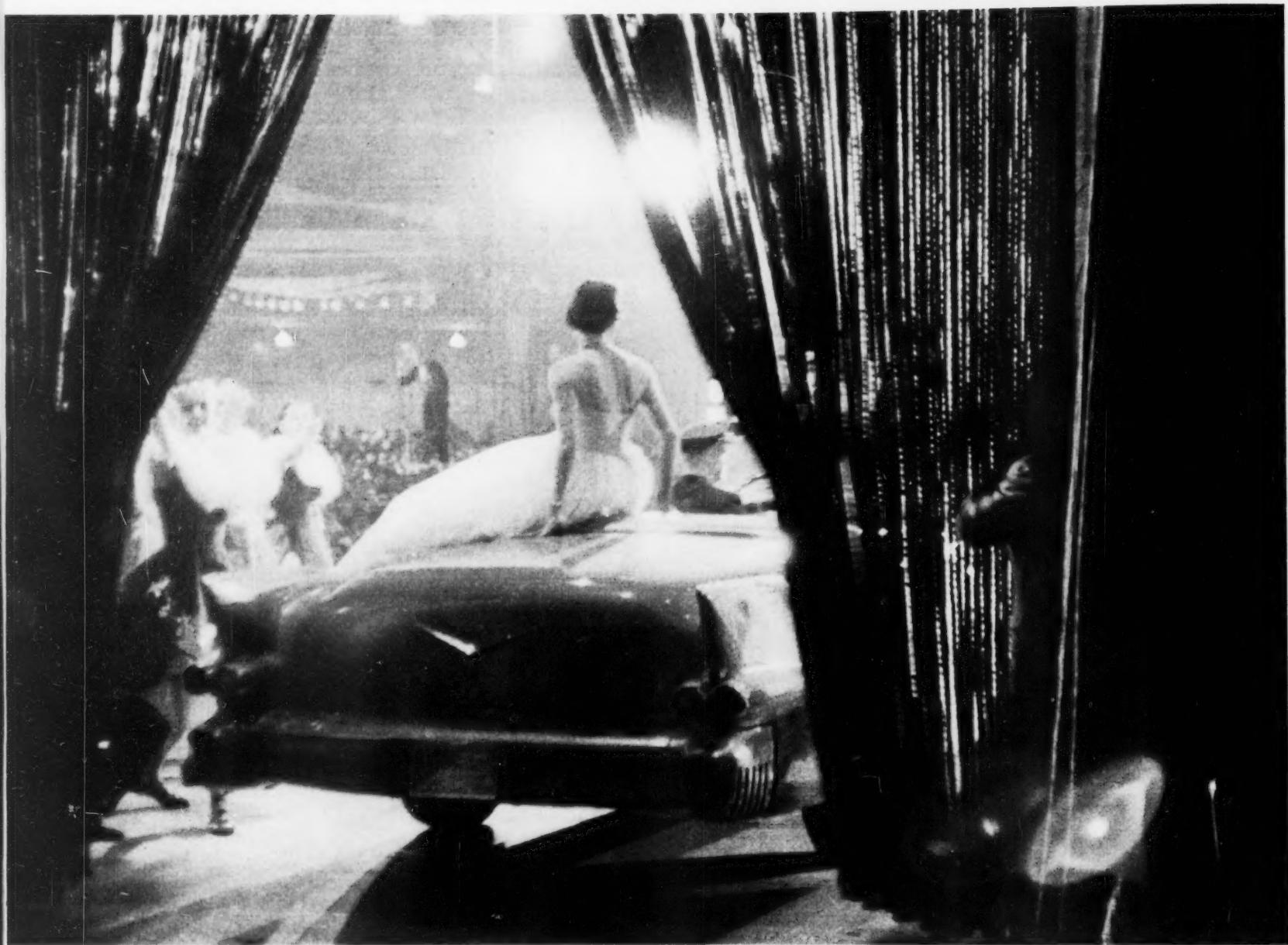
Hob had never seen her close under his chin before. She was fair-skinned, with brown hair caught tight at the back of her graceful neck. The rough dark skirt and boy's long-sleeved blouse couldn't hide the curves of her figure.

"Take it. You needn't tell her. If you kept payments like this, you'd have money to get out of this country, not fit for a white woman." He spoke with fervor.

Sarah glanced shyly at the silver, then at him. "But I didn't coddle the wee ones for pay. Indeed not. It was for the sweet lads" *Continued on page 38*

Hob eyed the angry woman with the gun. "If my wife owes anything," he said, "I'll see that you're paid."





GISÉLE'S GRAND ENTRANCE, with Cadillac and dancers, is the highlight of the Motorama show, Canadian TV's first attempt at a spectacular.

A \$100,000 star returns for the big show . . . poised, charming



GISÉLE ARRIVES, wrapped in her black mink coat, at the wintry Toronto airport.



AT REHEARSAL, a chat with old friends and manager Bob Shuttleworth (centre).



BANDEADER Howard Cable checks a song as announcer Lorne Greene watches.

the day Gisèle came home

**The carpet was as red as the roses they gave her, and her
cheque for four songs was \$3,000. But no one remembered
the CBC had fired her five years before**

By JUNE CALLWOOD

GISELE MACKENZIE, a twenty-eight-year-old brunette from St. Boniface who currently is earning better than one hundred thousand dollars a year in the United States for her ability to sing, act and clown, descended from an airplane at Toronto's Malton Airport on a cold, sunny morning about two months ago. She was returning to Toronto, where her career had begun, to star on a television variety show, Motorama, which the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation was strongly tempted to call its first spectacular. Her arrival had massive overtones of irony: the CBC was paying her three thousand dollars to sing four songs on the show; five years before the same CBC had fired Gisèle.

In the interval between the bleak departure and heady return, Gisèle had changed everything about herself except her true and flawless singing voice. She had lost thirty-five pounds off her five-foot-six frame, honing herself down to a size ten. She had cut her long, sometimes untidy hair and styled it with fluffy, becoming bangs that were imitated across a continent. When she left five years ago she was unsure of herself, deeply hurt and frightened; she came back poised, contained and charming. Her wardrobe had been described as garishly dowdy; she stepped off the plane wrapped in black mink.

She also had added other accessories of success—deep,

dark circles under her eyes and exhaustion. For the preceding two weeks her schedule had been brutal. On a Friday night she was interviewed by Ed Murrow on his televised Person to Person, in preparation for which she had moved into and hurriedly decorated a new apartment overlooking Central Park. All day Saturday she rehearsed and performed in the television Hit Parade, seen that night by thirty million people. Sunday she flew to Miami to sing at a convention with Eddie Fisher.

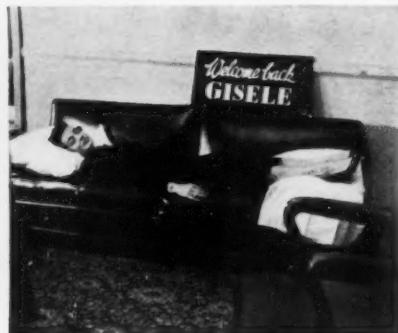
On Monday morning she began rehearsing for an hour-long drama on Studio One with another Canadian, Alan Young. The rehearsals lasted six and seven hours a day: on Thursday and Friday she added four and five hours more rehearsing for the Hit Parade. She commuted between rehearsal halls by taxi, her face pale and her body limp in jeans and a sweater. Saturday she rehearsed Hit Parade all day until showtime at ten-thirty that night. Sunday she visited old friends in the country.

The next week was the same. She rose every morning around seven and sometimes got only four hours' sleep. That Saturday she did the Hit Parade, followed on Monday night with Studio One. Her performance in the comedy role was praised, but poor lighting and camera angles starkly revealed the circles under her *Continued on next page*

and exhausted . . . to face yet another grueling day of success



"I'M SOUNDING like an old turkey today," mourns Gisèle.



A TIRED STAR snatches a nap in her makeshift dressing room between rehearsals.



MAKE-UP helps hide dark circles of exhaustion under her eyes from the camera.



AT SHOWTIME, police are on hand to escort her to the set.



Most of the people she met, she already knew from the old days

eyes. Tuesday morning she rose early again to fly to Toronto. In four days, she would earn about ten thousand dollars.

In Toronto she clattered down the steel steps from the plane twice for the television, newsreel, newspaper and magazine cameramen. One of the cameramen waved urgently at her and Gisèle obediently waved back and held her smile. Another photographer led her to a TCA tractor and suggested she pretend to drive it. Gisèle smiled for one more.

"I wonder," mused one reporter, "if she is contrasting this welcome with the way she was treated a few years ago."

"I don't suppose she is thinking of anything else," said another.

A brief press conference was held in the airport manager's office. Gisèle sat in the swivel chair and answered questions with dignity and care. Most of the questions centred on Canadianess.

Was it deliberate that Alan Young, another Canadian, had appeared with her the night before?

"No, I don't think so. But just before the show Alan and I said to one another 'Well, if we fall, two Canadians will fall together.'"

Did Americans realize that she and Dorothy Collins, the other female star of the Hit Parade, were both Canadians?

"Not very many do. Once she and I and Barbara Ann Scott were all on a television show together, Strike It Rich I think, and everyone was surprised that we were all Canadians."

Was she going to become an American citizen?

"Yes, I think so. I've received many wonderful benefits from the States and if I'm going to continue to accept those benefits it would be ungrateful not to become a citizen."

Her third finger, left hand, was bare. Did

she have any plans to change her single status?

"Not yet."

Elaine Grand, of CBC-TV, and Alex Barris, a *Globe and Mail* columnist, conducted less nationalistic interviews in the limousine that took Gisèle to her hotel. Barris was interested in Gisèle's career, which began in 1946 with a CBC network radio show called *Meet Gisèle*.

Gisèle, born in 1927 to Dr. and Mrs. Joseph George MacKenzie La Flèche, of St. Boniface, Man., had shown an ability to play piano by ear when she was only two. She studied violin and was skilled enough to play on a radio show with the Quebec Symphony Orchestra when she was thirteen. The following year her parents sent her to Toronto to take advanced violin study at the Royal Conservatory.

She lived in a boarding school and was bitterly, desperately lonely. She was plump, unpretty and tragically shy. Gradually she found that she could be part of a group if she played the piano and sang. The violin lessons continued; Gisèle idolized her teacher, Kathleen Parlow.

When she was nineteen, Gisèle met a society orchestra leader named Bob Shuttleworth at a party in a navy officers' wardroom. "Listen to this girl sing," her date begged Shuttleworth. Gisèle played and sang and Shuttleworth was impressed. Musicians always are impressed by Gisèle, whose voice is a perfectly tuned instrument. She has absolute pitch, which means she can reproduce truly any note she reads, without accompaniment.

The following summer Shuttleworth was leading an orchestra at a Muskoka resort. An intermission pianist had also been hired—Gisèle.

"You're really great," Shuttleworth told her. "You just need a manager and you've got one. Me." *Continued on page 60*



PETER MacFARLANE, the show's producer, asks Gisèle for a brief ad lib on her homecoming.



JACKIE RAE recalls old days at CBC. He once coached Gisèle, now stars in his own TV show.



TV HOSTESS ELAINE GRAND splices in an interview with Gisèle on another set between TV show songs.



GISÈLE AND MR. CABLE rehearse. They once starred together in a radio show under that same name.



LORNE GREENE, another Canadian success in the U.S., emceed the big-budget show.

Dr. Marion Hilliard

talks to single women

How can a woman live a happy, useful life without a husband and without children? Here is what a noted Canadian doctor tells unmarried women who come to her with this great problem



BY DR. MARION HILLIARD

Chief of the Service
of Obstetrics
and Gynecology,
Women's College Hospital, Toronto.

Dr. Hilliard has
donated her fee for this article
to her hospital's building fund.

ASUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher, unmarried and sedate of appearance, came into my office one afternoon with some symptoms of headaches and sleeplessness. She talked around the subject for quite a while and then began telling me about a man she had been seeing lately. "Then he took me to the theatre . . ." she was saying. My attention wandered; it was spring, the Stanley Cup play-offs were just ending. Gieseking had given a Beethoven concert at Massey Hall the night before and the fishing season was about to open.

Suddenly I became aware that my patient had stopped talking. I was dismayed because I hadn't heard a word for some time. I decided to try to bluff. "Well, then he asked you to his apartment. What did you say to him?"

The woman's jaw dropped open. "How did you know?" she exclaimed. "I was just going to tell you that!"

I apologized for spoiling her story. I couldn't tell her that I've heard a myriad variations of the same tale in the more than twenty years I've been an obstetrician and gynecologist and they all end the same way. No matter who tells it, from an adolescent to a matron, plain or pretty, virgin or wanton, there comes the moment when some man asks them to his apartment, or a hotel room. I am no longer as amazed as I used to be that each of these women appears to believe the man's invitation was an extraordinary and astonishing development akin to the sky falling down.

They are victims of what I believe is a woman's greatest mistake: underestimating what I shall term her biology. Creation has gone to considerable trouble to make her female, to grant her certain glands and desires and an aura to enhance her in the eyes of males, and then she is full of innocent surprise and wonderment when these attributes demonstrate that they are in working order.

"I'm not that kind of girl," they explain to me. This is outrageous nonsense. Except for a statistical handful who have abnormally low metabolisms, everybody is *that kind of girl*.

From the day she is born until she dies, a woman

must live with her gender. Some women have the impression that being female is a bundle of tricks, such as squealing at mice, being poor at arithmetic, tears, perfume behind the ears and an attitude of fragile wonder in the face of an abstract like international justice or a concrete like garbage-collection day.

Femaleness, as any doctor will tell you, is savage. Woman is equipped with a reproductive system which, even if she never uses it, dominates her fibre. It has vicious power that can leap out of control without the slightest warning, while a man and a woman share a companionable chuckle or happen to touch hands. In the time it takes to blink, they have reached a point of no return. The mechanism of woman can also be triggered unexpectedly by the low moan of a crooner, by a summer sky full of stars, by the sight of a man's hands working with metal, or even by fog collecting around a street light. Involuntarily the woman is twisted inside with anguish and longing. It's her biology again. Any pretense that this force does not exist is as bizarre and illogical as pretending there is no atom bomb.

When I was a younger doctor, caring for unmarried women who were about to have babies, I used to ask the more intelligent and sensible of them, "How could this have happened to you?" The girl would answer simply, "I couldn't help myself," and I used to turn away sceptically. I believed then, as almost all women do, that a woman controlled the quality of her relationship with a man. If it became intimate, I reasoned, it was because she deliberately chose to let it happen.

This just isn't true. I'm wiser now and I realize that there can come a moment between a man and a woman when control and judgment are impossible. An easy companionship traveling at about ten miles an hour can shift to a blinding passion going a hundred miles an hour without any warning, soundlessly. In a moment, by a glandular whim that makes a mockery of conscience and discretion, the self-respect and composure of the woman may be eternally damaged.

A woman's first protection

Continued on page 47



1 Can you pinch up, between your index finger and thumb, more than one inch of fat anywhere on your body?



2 Do you feel, if you had enough incentive, that you could run half a mile without serious distress?

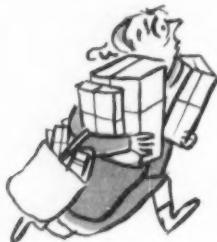
Whalley



3 Can you swim one quarter of a mile?



4 Can you walk up two flights of stairs without a noticeable increase in your breathing?



5 When you run for a bus or streetcar are you usually puffed?



6 Do you exercise regularly other than short exercise that is part of your work?



7 Do you play some game regularly — more than once a week?



8 Do you get through your average working day (at home or in the office) feeling ready and capable of doing more?



9 Do you frequently have foot, leg or back aches after being on your feet very long?



10 Are you often aware of tension?



11 Rating yourself honestly, would you say you are "in shape"?



12 Does the prospect of hard physical work bother you?



13 Do you consider yourself strong physically?



14 Do you often feel restricted and tight in your bodily movements when you have to bend, reach or twist your body?



15 Do you regularly feel the need for some "energy jolt" during the day, such as tea or coffee or a soft drink?



16 Do you often feel really good physically, full of interest and keen to do some physical work or exercise?



17 Do you have any regular physical discomfort associated with your work? If a stenographer, do you have neck and shoulder pains?



18 After a spell of shopping or work do you often feel irritable and "head-achy"?



19 When you have to perform hard physical activity you do not normally perform, do you recover very quickly and soon feel like more?



20 Are you often conscious of having to force yourself to keep going during the day?

(ANSWERS ON FACING PAGE)

CAN YOU PASS THIS FITNESS TEST?

If not, you're robbing yourself of youth, vitality and good looks.

Here's how ten minutes' exercise each day can bring you up to par

By LLOYD PERCIVAL, Director, Sports College, as told to RON KENYON

Drawings by Peter Whalley

THREE out of four Canadian women are physically unfit. If you are one of the three—and it's likely that you are—you look less attractive, you are ageing faster and you have less energy than you should have.

To be fit you don't have to be a supertrained athlete. Fitness is simply a state of physical well-being which assures you enough energy for normal daily activities, plus a reserve for emergencies. Any woman—or man—can be reasonably fit with ten minutes' *planned* exercise every day.

I would say the average Canadian woman is only half as fit as she should be—and she's robbing herself and her family by it. At forty she probably looks and feels like fifty.

How do you tell if you're fit? Just try the test on the opposite page. Sports College, which is a national, nonprofit organization dedicated to raising Canadian fitness and sports standards, has tested nearly 62,000 Canadians over the past six years. Only 27.2 percent of women were fit. And even at that Canadian women are twice as fit as Canadian men.

The superiority women have over men is due to housework. Dr. Peter Karpovich, professor of physiology at Springfield College, Massachusetts, has shown that in a really tough day in the home, with washing to do, floors to polish, meals to prepare and children to look after, a woman may use between four thousand and five thousand calories—more energy than a man would need to play a professional big-league football game. Women are much fitter than men in their child-bearing years when work is hardest. But adolescent girls are little fitter than boys the same age; and women past forty are little fitter than their husbands.

Sports like golf, swimming, and tennis won't keep you fit unless you do them at least three times a week. Of all sports, swimming and walking are best. Protein foods at breakfast are important for fitness all through the day. Protein makes you feel vigorous for a longer period than any other food.

But daily exercise—on the capsule plan shown on page 69—is the most effective way to keep fit.

Can Women Exercise Safely?

Many women refuse to exercise because their heads are filled with mistaken notions and old wives' tales about it. Here are some of their commonest misconceptions:

✓ Exercise produces great, ugly, bulging muscles.

Not true. Look at attractive Jackie MacDonald, Canadian women's shot-put champion, who can lift a 135-pound bar-bell over her head. I suspect that some women are born muscular and they tend, naturally, to take up athletics. Thus the idea has grown that athletics develop great muscles—which just isn't true.

✓ Exercise thickens the arms and legs.

False. Muscle weighs less, takes up less space than fat. Reasonable exercise replaces fat with smooth, attractive muscle.

✓ There is no need for a woman to be strong.

False. A woman has to carry children, move chairs and equipment back and forth all day and have enough energy left to enjoy the evening with her husband. Strength simply means that you can lift, say, fifty pounds with ease instead of twenty-five. You have that much more energy left.

Strength and fitness mean fewer accidents, too. More accidents happen in the home than anywhere else and accidents occur most often when a person is fatigued. Be fit and reduce your accident rate.

✓ Athletics make childbirth more difficult.

Again, a big lie. A study by Sir Adolph Abrahams, chief Olympics medical expert in Great Britain, has shown that ninety-four percent of women athletes who have participated in Olympic Games since 1936 are now married (a far higher percent than in the general population). These women have had an average of three and a half children each, losing not a single baby and having no particular trouble in childbirth.

✓ Reasonable fitness can be maintained by ordinary everyday activity.

This is a widespread fallacy. If a man heaves coal all day he uses some muscles too much and others too little. He needs planned exercise to keep in good shape. A sagging abdomen, which affects the health of vital organs inside, may often be due to unfitness, rather than overweight.

✓ Fitness and exercise may be damaging to the heart.

Another fallacy. The body needs use to keep healthy. There is an axiom in the physical-education world: "What you don't use you lose." This is perfectly true.

✓ Keeping fit requires a lot of hard work and time.

False. You can keep fit, at least to minimum standards, with ten minutes' well-directed exercise a day. *

Turn to page 69 for exercises to keep you fit.

HOW TO SCORE

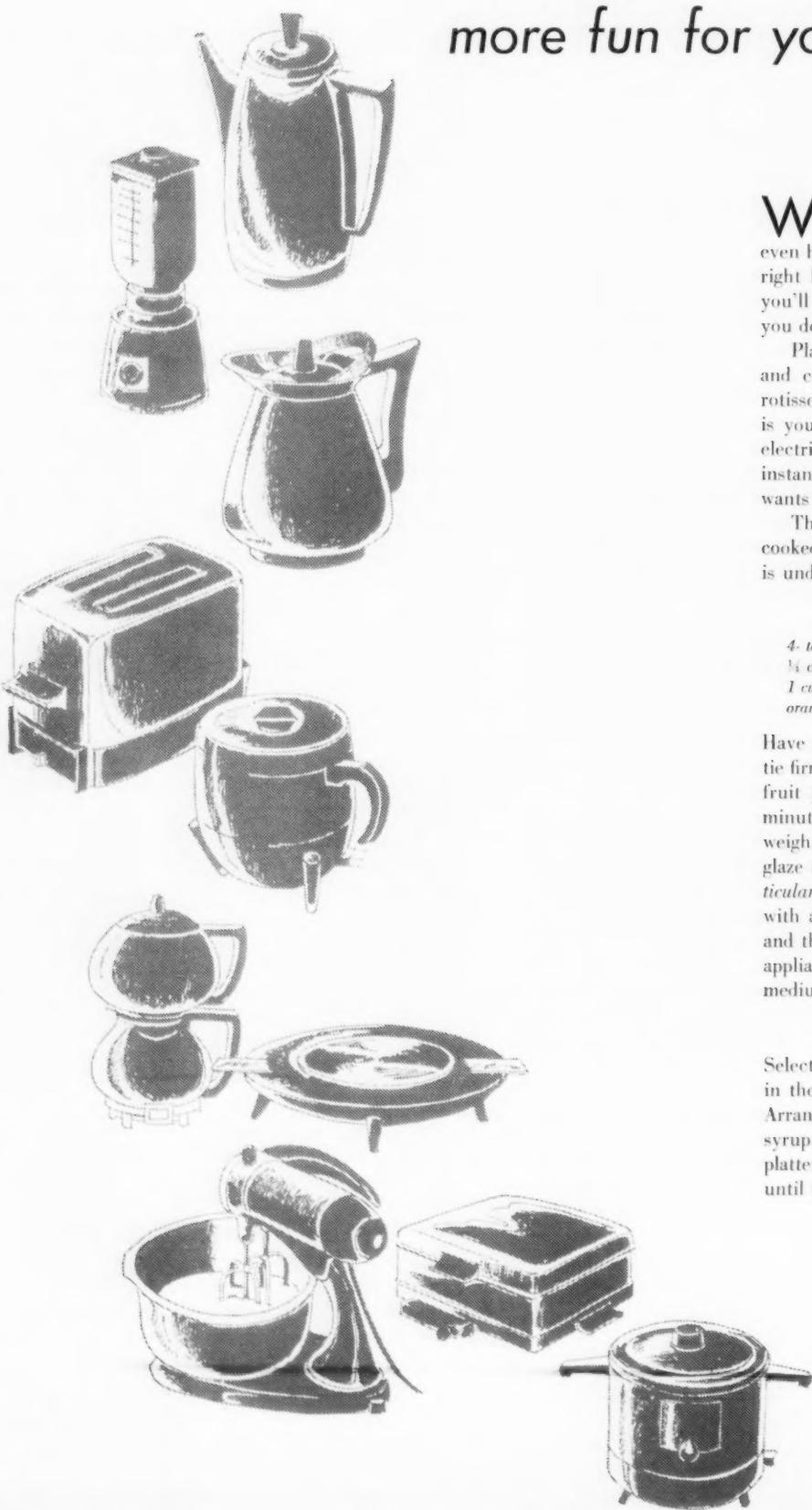
Answers: 1. no; 2. yes; 3. yes; 4. yes; 5. no; 6. yes; 7. yes; 8. yes; 9. no; 10. no; 11. yes; 12. no; 13. yes; 14. no; 15. no; 16. yes; 17. no; 18. no; 19. yes; 20. no.

Scoring: Score 10 points for each correct answer. A score of 170 or more means you are probably quite fit and need only a few special exercises to get you into top shape. A score between 150 and 170 means you are slipping physically and need to get going on a program to recover your fitness. A score of under 150 means you are probably in the decidedly unfit class and need to get to work at bringing yourself up to par.

Plug-in cooking makes

Party Time

more fun for you and your guests too



WHEN the cold wind blows outside, nothing makes a party merrier than the thought of plenty of good, hot food. An even happier thought is to have that good food cooking and bubbling right before your guests' eyes. You'll certainly delight them, and you'll have more time to spend at your own party. Here's how you do it.

Plan a winter party around your collection of electric appliances and cook the food right at the table or on the sideboard—in a rotisserie, electric frying pan, table grill, cooker-fryer or whatever is your pride and joy. Make fresh hot beverages to order—in an electric coffee maker, a brand-new automatic tea maker, or produce instant drinks with the help of the speedy electric kettle. If the crowd wants cold drinks, bring out the blender or the electric mixer.

The Valentine Buffet at right has a choice of main dishes, one cooked in a rotisserie, the other in the electric frying pan. The menu is under the picture and here are the recipes.

GLAZED BONELESS ROLLED HAM

4- to 6-pound precooked ham	15 to 20 whole cloves
1/4 cup maple syrup	1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup fruit juice (apple, pineapple, orange or grapefruit)	

Have the butcher remove the casing (if any), slice the ham and tie firmly into original shape. Make glaze by combining maple syrup, fruit juice, cloves and lemon juice and simmering together for 5 minutes. Place ham on skewer-spit, taking care to distribute the weight evenly so the spit will turn smoothly. Brush meat with glaze and place spit in rotisserie. Following directions for your particular appliance, cook meat until heated through, basting at intervals with additional glaze. The time will vary with the size of the ham and the individual appliance (a five-pound piece in a heat-controlled appliance will cook in approximately 1½ hours—25 minutes at medium, 40 minutes at high, 25 minutes at medium again).

SWEET POTATO HALVES

Select sweet potatoes of uniform shape and size, scrub and boil in their skins until just tender. Peel and cut lengthwise in halves. Arrange in single layer on drip pan under ham. Sprinkle with maple syrup and reheat in rotisserie. When the ham is removed to serving platter, baste potatoes with liquid in the pan and leave under heat until they just begin to brown.

More recipes on page 32

By CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Marie Holmes, Director

Frances Hucks

Jean Byers

Betty Cossitt

Ellen Ingham



Guests lend a helping hand when you serve this VALENTINE BUFFET

SUPPER, CHINESE STYLE

- *Fresh-fried Sweet-sour Spareribs
- *Crisp Noodles with Meat Shreds
- Hot Boiled Rice
- Cold Celery (salad)
- Chinese Peaches
- Almond Cakes
- *Chinese Tea

TV AND TOAST

(During Program)

- *Hot Buttered Popcorn

(Afterward)

- Welsh Rarebit on *Toast, Crackers or Crisp Rye Wafers
- Pickled Walnuts
- Anchovy-stuffed Olives
- *English Crullers
- *Coffee or *Tea
- Fruit Bowl
- (apples, tangerines, raisins, figs, dates)

TWENTY AND UNDER

- *Pink Pigeons
- *Cook-your-own Sandwiches
- Fresh and Bottled Relishes and Sauces
- *Toasted Frozen Waffles
- Ice Cream
- Sundae Sauces
- Mixed Shelled Nuts
- Bottled Drinks and/or *Milk Shakes

*Glazed Boneless Rolled Ham

*Sweet Potato Halves

*Chicken Cacciatore

Paprika Spaghetti

Celery Mixed Olives

Pickled Cauliflower

Apple Salad with Cinnamon Pears

Bread Sticks

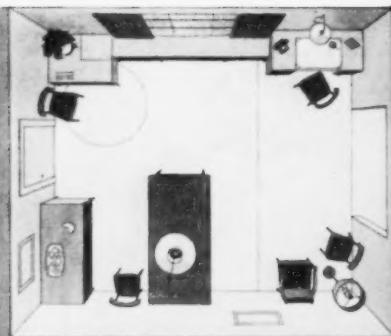
Savory Biscuit Knots

*Cherry Valentine Mold

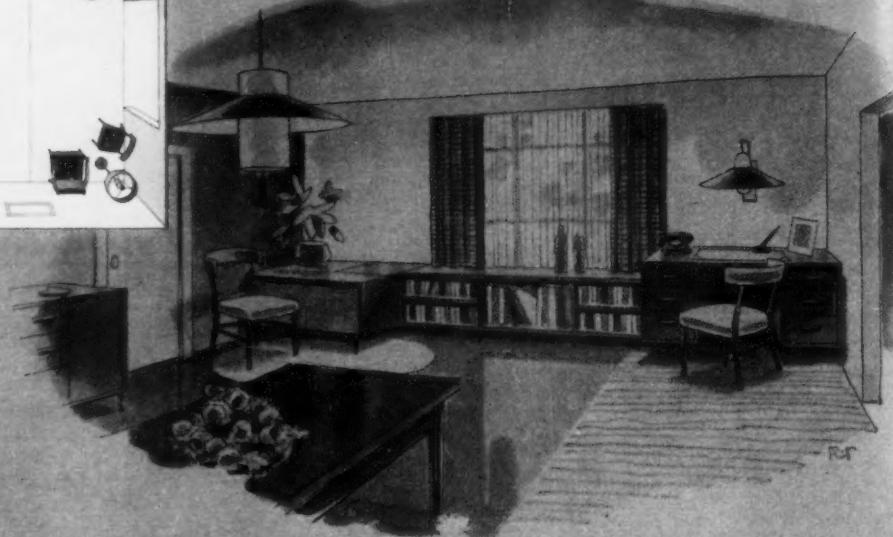
*Coffee

*Cooked with an appliance

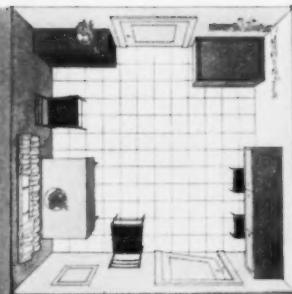
**Dining + Study
12' x 14'**



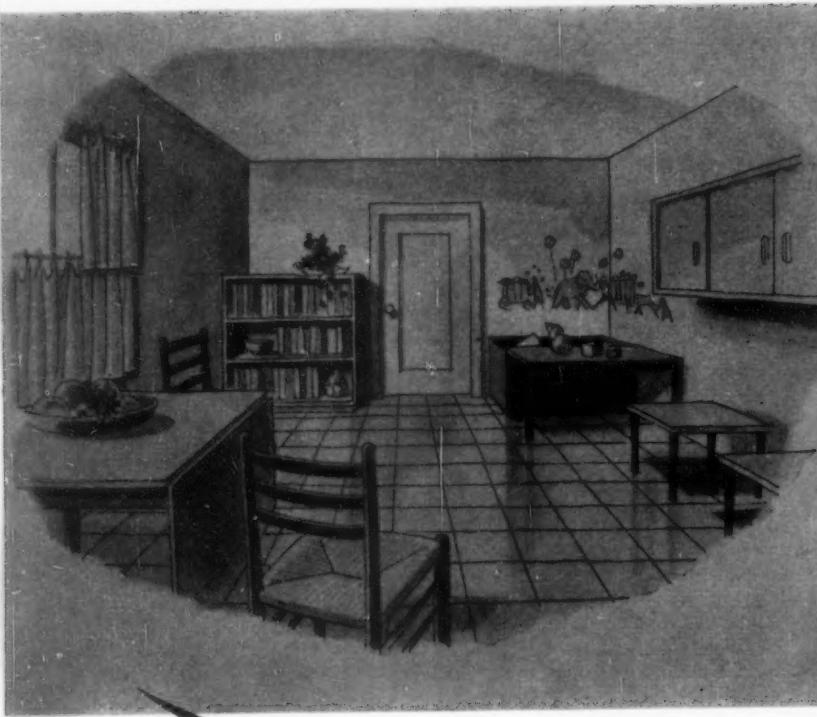
If your television set is in the living room you can avoid crowding by shifting the radio and record player to the dining room to make a music corner. Long low shelves between the player and desk will hold your record collection and books. In the far corner father's upholstered dining chair is combined with a side chair and floor lamp for reading or conversation. The lamp over the table slides up or down for general or concentrated lighting. A pin-up wall lamp lights the desk.



**Dining + Playroom
9' x 9'**



With preschool children, mothers like a play area they can keep an eye on. This room has a large play box with a hinged top that opens into a table for play and meals. Closed, the play box is inconspicuous and becomes a tray stand. When not in use tiny stools sit under the hanging storage unit that holds linens and china out of the children's reach. These stools can also be used as extra play tables. Practical tile covers the floor. The bookcase here saves wall space in the living room. For instructions to make the play box and hanging storage unit turn to page 54.



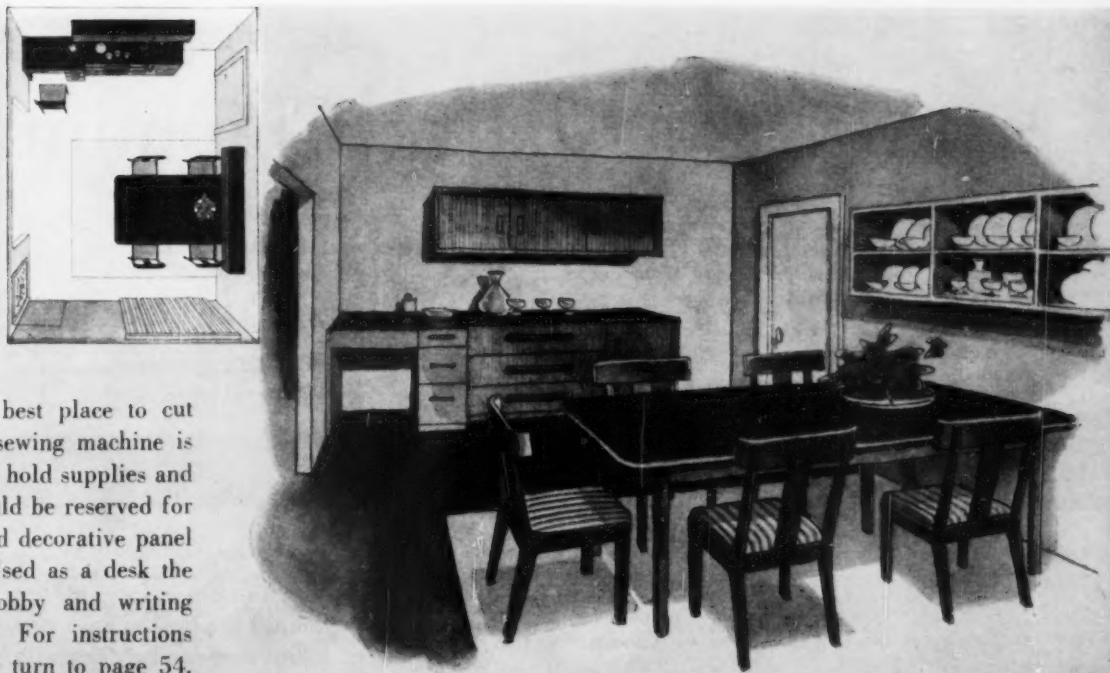
LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LIVING

Get more living from your dining room

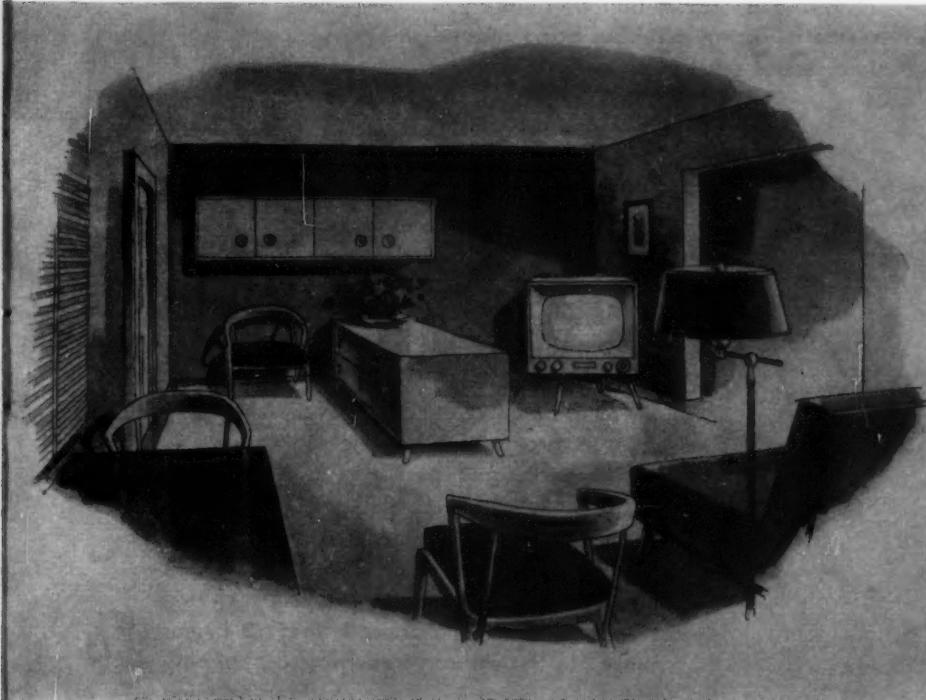
Many people actually use their dining room for less than two hours every day. Here are four ways to put this forgotten room to work

By Doris Thistlewood Chatelaine Home Planning Editor

Dining + Sewing 9' x 12'



Any family dressmaker will admit the best place to cut fabric is the dining table. Her console sewing machine is placed in a corner with a chest beside it to hold supplies and unfinished projects. Part of this chest could be reserved for table linen. On the opposite wall a hinged decorative panel opens to disclose a full-length mirror. Used as a desk the machine has wall storage above for hobby and writing supplies. Open shelves hold the china. For instructions to make the hinged panel for the mirror turn to page 54.



Dining + TV 10' x 12'

By placing the chest at right angles to the wall in this room it serves as a buffet or refreshment bar and provides lots of storage close at hand. The television set on its swivel base is placed opposite the most comfortable chairs. It leaves the living room free for those who prefer conversation to video. For dining, two extra chairs are brought from the living room. Enough space is left to allow the table to open out to seat six comfortably.

THREE'S a happy revolution taking place in Canadian homes. We are spending more of our time in family entertainment, living and activities, and the home is once again the hub of family life. In new homes, architects are designing an extra room to take care of the overflow of all the activities the living room can't accommodate—music, books, television, hobbies, games and social life. But, for most of us living in a standard six-room Canadian house or apartment, the addition of an extra room is impossible, so we have to make better use of the space we already have.

Let's take a look at the room, ideally located, between the living room and kitchen. It's our least-used room because some one labeled it the "dining room." Many people waste this extra space by using it only for this purpose. How about letting the activities you've been cramming into the living room overflow into the dining room? In other words, turn your dining room into a living-room annex. We have chosen four typical dining rooms in the most common sizes and arranged the furniture to show how you can put

the dining room to work, and still dine graciously. Here are some points to keep in mind:

- * Shift the lighting fixture and the dining table from the centre of the room.
- * Arrange dining chairs when possible with other pieces of furniture in the room to allow more space around the dining table.
- * Use small accent rugs to emphasize the activity groupings.
- * Make use of your wall space with storage units, hanging shelves and pin-up lighting fixtures.
- * Don't be afraid to use asymmetrical arrangements.
- * Allow furniture to serve as many functions as possible; if you are replacing pieces look for dual-purpose designs.
- * Use dining tables that fold or have drop leaves for tiny rooms.
- * Keep furniture light-looking and small in scale.
- * Forget the conventional furnishing requirements for dining rooms and decorate to serve the needs of your family. *

Chatelaine's

Chatty Chipmunk

has a whole bagful of things you can make with balloons.

There's a pencil-dot picture this month, too



Hello Everybody:

When I was making up my poem for this month I put in some extra letters. See if you can find them and put them together so that they can tell you why February has an extra day this year.

Frost on windows, lots of snow,
Listen to the North Winde blow.
We go skating, sledding too,
There are plots of happy things to do.
Fires are lyit and rooms are cosy,
Nuts to crack and apples roseys.
When winter's heare I do not know
Why I like ther summer so.

Answer:

LEAPYEAR

Here is something else I love to do — pencil dots. I like them so much that I made up two for you. Of course there wasn't room for both so I put them together. If you use a different-colored pencil for each set of dots you won't have any trouble at all in seeing what Jamie Otter got for Christmas.



That's all for this month, see you in March. Your friend,

When I am indoors on very bad days in the winter one of the things I like best to have around are balloons. There are so many things that can be done with them. I suppose you all know about rubbing a blown-up balloon on your hair or your sleeve so that it will stick to a wall. Have you ever tried putting a few grains of rice inside a balloon before you blow it up? Then when you tie it, fasten a rubber band around the neck. It will make a wonderful swishy punching bag that can be lots of fun.

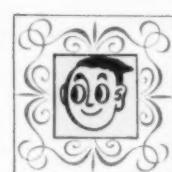


Blown-up balloons can be decorated with poster paint, and pieces of paper or wool can be stuck on with rubber cement. You and your friends could make all kinds of funny faces with them. You might even want to do it at your next party and a prize could be given for the best one.

A balloon can be fun even when it is broken. A two-inch piece of the neck can be trimmed off evenly to make a very good noisemaker. Just blow through it and see!



A Wobble-picture can be made very easily and will last a long time. Cut two pieces of fairly heavy cardboard about 3 inches square. In the centre of each cut an opening about 1 1/2 inches square. Over one opening paste smoothly a single piece of balloon and paste the other frame on top. With poster paint or India ink draw a face on the balloon. You can make the face move by putting your fingers at the back and moving them around.



When you want to stick anything to your balloon you will have to use rubber cement. Nothing else will work. However it is not hard to get. It is the same stuff that is used to fix car and bicycle inner tubes so there might even be some around your house.

Chatty

Soup 'n' Crackers

... a perfect pair!

Zestful, delicious Campbell's Tomato Soup . . . Crisp, flaky crackers . . . Mmm, good!

Does it *taste* as good as it *looks*—this combination of Campbell's Tomato Soup and crisp crackers? Even *better*, say we! The flavor of fresh, flaky crackers contrasts perfectly with this velvet-smooth soup . . . a rich purée *made from the Campbell tomato* blended with fine creamery butter and seasoned according to Campbell's *wonderful* recipe!

Campbell's
TOMATO SOUP







CARDIGAN SUIT is a basic choice in oyster wool—woven in tiny scalloped shells, laid over taffeta and outlined with black braid.



"AT HOME" in a pair of young, trim, black velvet pants; a crisp cotton "shirt" in white, striped with black and gold horseshoes.



TWEEDY JACKET—you'll wear it after black mixed with white and lined with red taffeta, swung out over a slender black (kangaroo) skirt.

OPPOSITE: *A blaze of red—the slow curving yoke shaped in lace and, sweeping from it, a flurry of pleated nylon chiffon.*

COAL-GREY SUIT is neatly perfect in pure wool worsted. The jacket has a U-shaped bib piped with black velvet; white collar, cuffs.

Pretty enough

TO WEAR AFTERWARD

FAST FADING from the scene . . . the mother-to-be who shrouds herself in flowered cotton smocks, potato-sack dresses and flowing coats. These have no place in the maternity wardrobe of today's young mother. She is apt to believe in "life much as usual," and belong to the "why pretend?" school. She chooses separates and dresses tailored to fit into her everyday life after her baby is born. Like these, for instance. She knows that dark colors are generally more thinning than light, but she doesn't cut hot, strong color right out of her life. If it's a question of print, she picks small neat patterns rather than large spattered ones. And she draws all eyes to her face with pussy-cat bows tied under her chin, jewelry placed high, and sparkling white collars. She never underestimates the power of accessories—wears small, pretty hats, mid-heel pumps and fine seamless stockings—or the importance of beauty and meticulous grooming (see page 6.) *

Maternity fashions don't have to be sombre and sacklike to keep a secret well. In fact these are so happily styled you'll go right on wearing them after the event is over



AFTER DUSK, the fragile look of black lace, as delicate as snowflakes, falling in ruffles from square yoke to close-wrapped skirt.





Chatelaine says

MAKE IT FROM A PATTERN

MAKE YOURS A PRETTY PREGNANCY

Here, and on the following page, three suits cut on expectant lines. Simply styled and detailed for your sewing machine; and ready to meet any number of maternity days. Here, they are heading for spring in smooth-faced linens and cottons. But if your baby is due before the first crocus, cut them from wool and tissue-weight tweed. This page: Suit and blouse. No. 1448. Sizes 11-18. 50c.

*Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer,
or from the Pattern Department,
Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.*

More patterns on page 30

THE MARTYRED LOOK IS OUT FOR '56

Continued from page 9

to be getting? Do you find it hard to smile? Have you a tense, set look? Do you feel inwardly, "I have to do everything." Would the club fold up or stop if you pulled out?

A martyr is a person who needs lots of praise and approval. Martyrs desperately want to feel important. Instead of welcoming other capable people to share the work, they become terrified if there are strong people around them. They feel they have to be superior. They have to be outstanding. Sometimes they go so far as to marry deliberately, though self-consciously, a clinging vine kind of man, or collect around themselves friends who lean on them for support.

Actually there is a touch of the martyr in every woman's make-up. Once you've recognized this fact and also recognized that the problem stems from a human desire to feel important, you can deal with it better in yourself and other people.

If you're on a club executive, try to help everyone to understand clearly the part they play in the whole operation. Let them in on the creative and planning end.

Look for the Pluses

And for your own mental health strive to get a balanced attitude toward your life and the jobs you tackle. Learn to work behind the lines. Learn not to direct all your energies into one activity and take it over. This is a sure way to lose your perspective. Any woman who holds an executive position in one organization should make it a practice to be an ordinary member in another organization. Try not to become a permanent fixture in the organization and carry the whole load.

If you feel you have been side-tracked down an endless lane of dishwashing and sock darning, when you might be performing at Carnegie Hall to thunderous applause, it's time to pull yourself up short and take a hard look at your life as it is.

Perhaps you did have as much talent as your mother always thought you had, but you made a choice and your talent has been gathering moss for a good many years now.

Your life as it is has many pluses you would have to forgo if you followed the rigid discipline of a successful career. Looking at your children, are you really sorry you laid away that violin? It's easy to imagine you would have been highly successful, but it's also possible that you might have ended up third- or fourth-rate. Make sure you don't end up a third- or fourth-rate mother too.

In about ten years the children will all be in school and you can get back into the field. You probably won't reach the heights you might have if you had devoted your whole life to it but you can get a lot of satisfaction still.

In other words, you can't change the situation, so accept it. Forget what might have been. It didn't happen. If you don't, you may end up, not a martyr to marriage, but a martyr to your own delusions. *

3344 SMOOTH AND STRAPLESS — long-line beauty with spiral boning throughout. In crisp, embroidered cotton broadcloth and elastic marquisette . . . \$22.50.

#1317 EQUALLY FETCHING — this version of our charmer. In white or black embroidered marquisette . . . \$15.00.



The husband you get may be your own!

You're a heartbreaker if there ever was one—the fatale-est femme in any group. Because a fact of life is this: when a gentleman's glance goes astray, it's bound to be towards a lady wearing Warner's Merry Widow®.

This season, you'll be capturing his eye with two beautiful looks. For evening, you'll put him in that champagne-from-a-slipper mood with Warner's strapless long-line Merry Widow. It molds you higher, rounder, sleeks your midriff in a manner fitting. Gives you a shape that just *cries* for one of those stunning, strapless sheaths that *are* fashion today.

Come daytime, you'll change to your Merry Widow corselette. Just as smooth as its twin, but longer and with a zipper at the side to hold hips where they belong in your closest fitting suit.

Why not give into your *wickedest* inclinations . . . try Warner's Merry Widow today. At your nicest stores throughout Canada.

wear
Merry Widow
by
WARNER'S®



PELLEGRINI

Chatelaine says

MAKE IT FROM A PATTERN

Continued from page 28



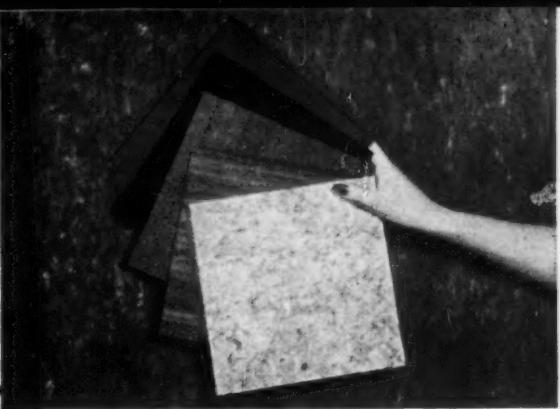
Above left: 1026—Sleeveless suit, stroked out in black and white, cut brisk and neat as a butcher's smock above its own slender skirt. Can also be made with bracelet-length sleeves. Sizes 11-18. 35c.

Above right: Raglan-sleeved suit (seen already on page 28), this time in polished grey flannel. The sleeves reach down to the elbows, and the collar is repeated in white piqué. Sizes 11-18. 50c.

Left: 1316—This could be formal (brocade, satin, peau de soie) or casual (wool, linen, corduroy). The pattern also includes a pair of knee-length matador pants, with an adjustable front. Sizes 11-18. 50c.

*Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer,
or from the Pattern Department,
Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.*

ON A LONG-TERM PLAN



MODERN COLOURS! Dominion Linoleum offers the largest colour choice of any permanent flooring. Now you select from softer, more modern colours created for the "living" as well as "working" rooms of your house.



ECONOMICAL TO INSTALL! Permanent Dominion Linoleum is a *finished* flooring. All you need underneath is the first rough flooring, plywood and felt paper as shown. And because of its finished appearance it needs no covering.



EASY TO CLEAN! The time you save on floor care is one of the most appealing features of Dominion Linoleum. No cracks or fibres to catch dirt, so it shines with a simple mopping. Anything spilled wipes off quickly . . . cleanly.

Sophisticated...and the theme is today's linoleum!

Here is a floor so sure of itself it's at home in any setting. Dominion Handicraft Linoleum in a new warm shade of blue, destined to be the most exciting colour choice of the year. This Handicraft blue was created especially to blend with today's sophisticated mode in furnishings. Notice the magic it lends to that tangerine sofa—those harmonizing blue chairs—and the way it sets off that creamy scatter rug.

Dominion Inlaid Linoleum in Handicraft or any of the other smart "Dominion" inlays offer

"moderns" a new concept of living. Floors that are made for casualness—easy living—easy cleaning—permanent floors that can keep their "new" look over a lifetime. For new homes or smartened-up old ones, there's a world of inspiration in Dominion Inlaid Linoleum—over 70 colours and variations to choose from. For colours, room scenes, maintenance, installation and other Dominion Linoleum information, write for free booklets to: Home Planning Dept., Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Ltd., 2200 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal.

This floor is Handicraft Pattern H-771. For a list of the furnishings used in this room, write us at the address above.

Comes by-the-yard, also in individual tiles
in these 4 types . . . *all inlaid* . . .

MARBOLEUM • DOMINION JASPE
HANDICRAFT • DOMINION PLAIN

made *only* in Canada . . . sold
by style-setting Canadian retailers

DOMINION
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HOW TO FIT Growing Families INTO TODAY'S SMALL HOMES

happily...

comfortably...

economically



SINGER

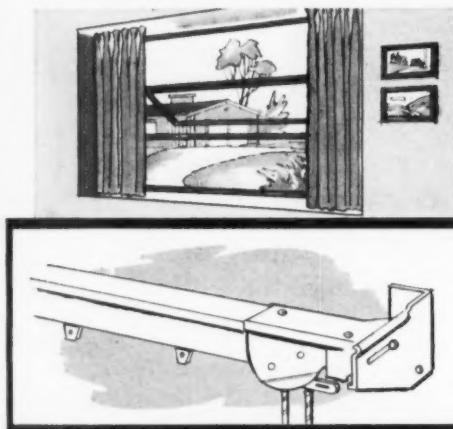
Guaranteed BUNK BEDS

Complete with ladder, guard rail and steel slot springs. Durable spring-filled mattresses with sisal pad insulators, well padded with layers of pure, new, white felt and covered with sturdy woven striped cotton ticking. Two roomy drawers below. (Also available without drawers).

KILN DRIED BIRCH—red maple, walnut or natural finish—36" wide.

May also be used as twin beds, if desired.

AT DEPARTMENT & FURNITURE STORES ... or write us; we'll tell you where
IDEAL UPHOLSTERING CO. LTD., 299 Marien Ave., Montreal East, Que.



See NEW BEAUTY
AT YOUR WINDOWS
WITH

Kirsch
DRAW CORD RODS

Give your draperies that final extra touch of beauty. Hang them on famous Kirsch Draw Cord Rods. Then they'll open and close in perfect balance—at the lightest pull on a cord. When next you're beautifying your windows, ask for Kirsch Draw Cord Rods.

* Drapes protected from hand soiling and tearing * Smooth-gliding nylon slides * Operating parts concealed, even the cords * Exposed parts blend with woodwork or can be finished to match.

KIRSCH MANUFACTURING CO. OF CANADA LTD., WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

RECIPES: PARTY TIME

Continued from page 20

CHICKEN CACCIATORE

2 two-pound chickens
cut in servings
1/2 cup flour (seasoned with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate)
1/2 cup olive or salad oil
8 or 16 small, white onions
2 medium green peppers, cut in 1/2-inch strips
3 to 4 cups sliced fresh mushrooms (about 1/2 pound)

1 clove garlic, minced (optional)
1 can (10-ounce) condensed tomato soup
1 can (3-ounce) tomato sauce
1 cup water
2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1/2 teaspoon thyme

Dust chicken pieces with seasoned flour, brown in oil in electric frying pan. Remove chicken, and brown onions, green pepper, mushrooms and garlic (if used) in the same pan. Blend in remaining ingredients. Add chicken, cover and simmer about 30 minutes or until chicken is tender. Stir occasionally. Serve with hot cooked spaghetti. Makes 8 generous servings.

APPLE SALAD WITH CINNAMON PEARS

Peel and core crisp, tart apples; cut in uniform pieces and sprinkle with lemon juice to prevent darkening. Add an equal amount of halved green seedless grapes and 1/4 the amount of slivered blanched almonds. Mix lightly with mayonnaise thinned with lemon juice and plain or whipped cream. Chill and pile in centre of large serving plate. Surround with cinnamon pear halves on leaves of curly leaf lettuce.

To Make Cinnamon Pears

Make a syrup in the proportion of 1 cup sugar to 2 cups water and 1/2 cup (about 1/4 pound) of small red cinnamon candies. When candies are dissolved add halves of peeled, cored, winter pears and simmer gently until pears are crispy tender and colored red (food coloring may be added for deeper color). Remove pears from the syrup, boil the syrup until slightly thickened and drizzle over the pears. Chill and serve.

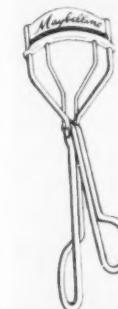
SAVORY BISCUIT KNOTS

2 cups packaged biscuit mix
1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon ground sage
1 teaspoon caraway seeds
2 1/2 cup milk
2 tablespoons melted butter
1/2 teaspoon grated onion
or
1 tablespoon finely minced chives

Start oven at 450 degrees F. Grease a baking sheet. Mix together biscuit mix, mustard, sage, caraway seeds. Add milk and stir until all dry ingredients are moistened. Turn out onto floured board. Knead lightly about 10 times. Roll dough to 1/2-inch thickness and cut it into 6- by 1/2-inch strips. Tie each strip loosely into knot. Place knots on prepared baking sheet. Bake for 15 minutes. Melt butter, add grated onion or chives, brush warm rolls with butter mixture. Makes 12 to 14 biscuit knots.

LOOK...

what's new
in eye beauty!



Look prettier—through curly lashes in just seconds—with the new soft-cushion

Maybelline
PROFESSIONAL
EYELASH CURLER
naturally,
it's the best...
gold plated

Molded cushion refills available

You must try the wonderful new

Maybelline
AUTOMATIC

EYEBROW PENCIL
never needs sharpening
—spring-locked crayon
can't fall out...
Velvet Black, Dark or
Light Brown, and now in
Dove Grey or Auburn



Long-lasting refills available



Tweeze with ease—
with the new silvery

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EYEBROW TWEEZERS
designed with a grip that
can't slip—straight
or slant edge...

Last but not least—the world-famous

Maybelline

MASCARA

For long, dark, velvety
lashes choose Solid
or Cream Form in
rich red and gold case.



Maybelline

SPECIALISTS IN EYE BEAUTY

CHERRY VALENTINE MOLD

2 tablespoons gelatine	3 egg whites
1/4 cup cold water	Pinch of salt
2 cups milk	2 cups whipping cream
1/2 cup sugar	Strips or fingers of poundcake
3 egg yolks	2 cans drained sweetened cherries
1/2 teaspoon vanilla	
1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring	

Soften gelatine in cold water. Scald milk and pour over gelatine. Stir until dissolved, add sugar and stir until it is dissolved. Add this mixture gradually to the beaten egg yolks and cook over low heat or in a double boiler, stirring until the mixture thickens. Cool and when just beginning to set stir in flavorings, fold in egg whites beaten until stiff with the salt and cream which has been whipped in electric mixer. Cut waxed paper to line the bottom of a heart shaped mold and under this lining, place two wide, crossed strips of waxed paper, extending well over the edge of the mold so they may be used to lift the finished dessert to a serving plate.

Line the sides of the mold with a strip of waxed paper, cover the bottom of the mold with one third of the cream mixture and arrange the cake strips along the sides. (The cream layer helps to anchor the cake strips.) Cover this with a layer of the drained sweetened cherries, then with another third of the cream mixture, a second layer of cherries and the rest of the pudding. Press the mixture down in the centre to leave a slight heart-shaped depression almost to the edge. Chill until firm and top with Cherry Glaze.

To Make Glaze:

1 tablespoon cornstarch	3/4 cup juice from canned cherries
1/4 cup cold water	Few drops almond flavoring

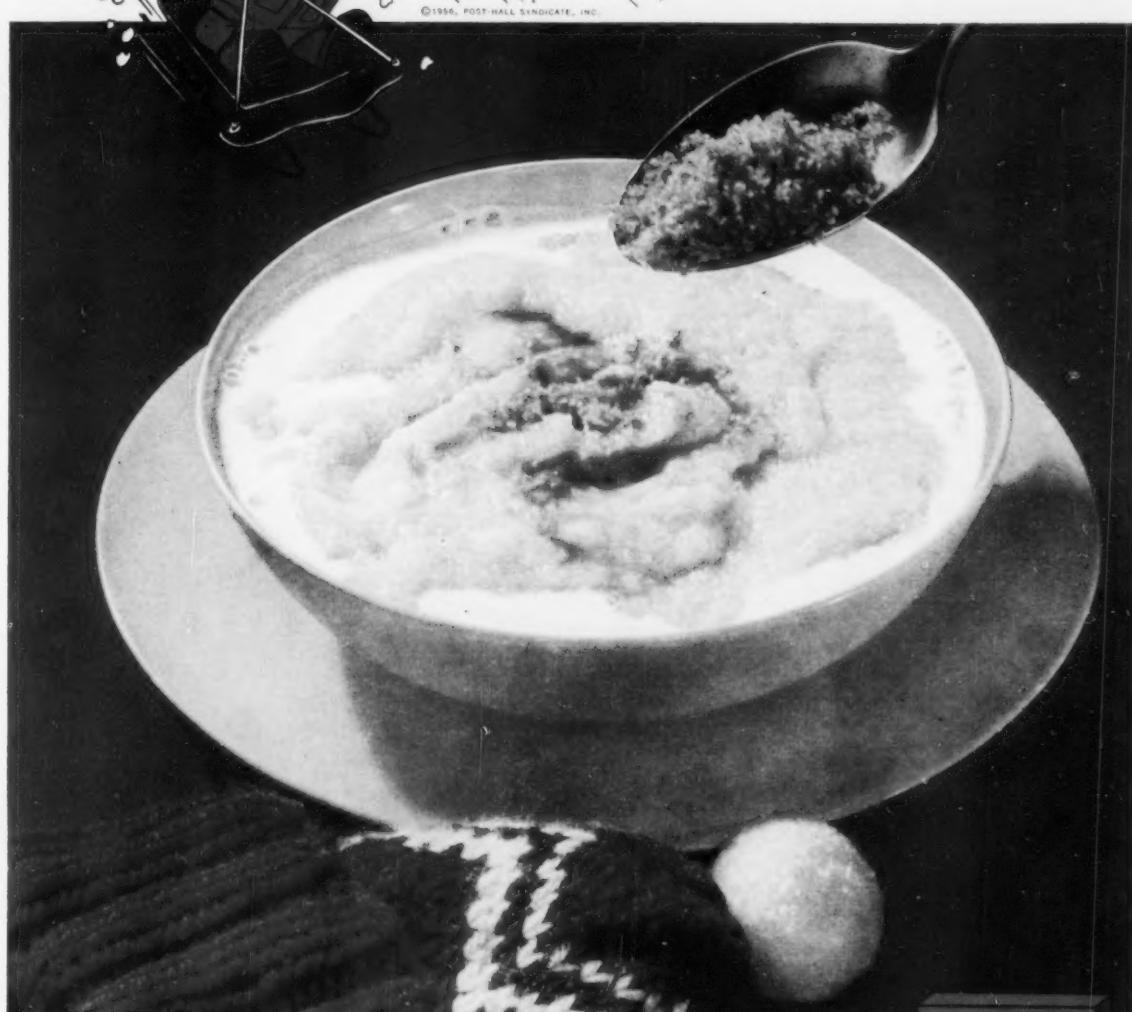
Mix cornstarch and water until smooth. Stir gradually into hot cherry juice and cook, stirring constantly until thick and clear. Cool, add flavoring and spread over heart-shaped depression on top of chilled mold. The cherry heart and the base of the mold may be bordered with lightly sweetened whipped cream, if desired.

FRESH-FRIED SWEET-SOUR SPARERIBS

3 pounds loin ribs	3 to 4 tablespoons soy sauce
6 tablespoons fat	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup vinegar	1 cup water
2 tablespoons cornstarch	1 cup canned pineapple bits (drained)
1/4 cup sugar	

Ask the butcher to cut through the bones to give 1- to 1 1/2-inch strips. Cut the strips into pieces having one bone and some meat in each piece. Heat the fat (lard, shortening or vegetable oil) in a large electric frying pan, add a single layer of cut ribs and fry 10 minutes, stirring until browned on all sides. Keep hot while frying the rest of the ribs. Remove ribs from pan, pour off all but about 1 tablespoon of fat and add the combined vinegar, cornstarch, sugar, soy sauce, salt and water. Cook about 1 minute, stirring constantly, until thick and clear. Add the pineapple and the browned ribs and cook over lowered heat until the meat pulls easily from the ribs. Serves 5 or 6.

Continued on page 35



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MY, WHAT AN APPETITE! NOW YOU'RE A MATCH FOR OLD MAN WINTER!

I FEEL A LOT BETTER WHEN I GIVE THEM HOT "CREAM OF WHEAT" ON DAYS LIKE THIS!

QUICK TO FIX! COOKS IN 5 MINUTES!

Contains nutritionally valuable iron and calcium — for diets deficient in these elements.

— QUICK —

CREAM OF WHEAT.

GUARD YOUR FAMILY WITH HOT "CREAM OF WHEAT"!

"CREAM OF WHEAT" FOR TODDLERS

Fruited "Cream of Wheat"

Mix 1/2 cup cooked-in-milk "Cream of Wheat" with 1 can strained baby fruit and 1 1/2 tsp. sugar. Cool and serve.

Jack Horner Special

Fold 1/2 cup chopped, sweetened cooked prunes into one child's serving of "Cream of Wheat." Serve warm or cold.

FOR COMPANY . . .

Fluffy Pudding

Heat 3 cups milk just to boiling. Gradually stir in 1/2 cup Quick "Cream of Wheat," 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 cup sugar. Stir a little of this hot "Cream of Wheat" into 2 beaten eggs, then return egg mixture to pan and cook 1 minute more, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, stir in 1 tsp. vanilla. Pour into oiled 1 qt. mold or individual molds. Chill. Unmold and serve with sweetened whipped cream or any fruit sauce.

... FOR SPECIAL DIETS

Bland, easy-to-digest . . . especially welcome for anyone who needs to be "kind to their stomach."

Merry Molds

Combine and heat together 3 cups milk, 1 tsp. salt and 1/2 cup brown sugar. Slowly stir in 1/2 cup "Cream of Wheat." Cook until thick. Fill greased custard cups with hot cereal. Chill. Unmold and serve with stewed fruit.



SWEET CAPS

add to the enjoyment

FRESHER...MILDER...THEY'RE TODAY'S CIGARETTE

Continued from page 33

CRISP NOODLES WITH MEAT SHREDS

1/2 pound lean beef	1 cup frozen green peas or beans
4 stalks celery	2 tablespoons soy sauce
1/4 pound fresh mushrooms	1/2 teaspoon salt
2 scallions or 1 onion	1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 tablespoons lard or oil	1 cup water or chicken stock
	2 cans crisp Chinese noodles

Cut meat in shreds with sharp knife (1/4 inch thick and 1 1/2 to 2 inches long). Cut celery in 1-inch shreds, slice mushrooms thin, scallions or onion in 1-inch shreds.

Melt fat in electric skillet at high heat. Put in meat. Stir for 2 minutes. Add vegetables and stir for 3 minutes. Add soy sauce and salt. Combine cornstarch with water or chicken stock. Pour over meat and vegetables and stir over heat until liquid is clear. Pour over heated crisp noodles. Serves 6.

Notes: 1. If desired pork, chicken or ham can be used instead of beef. 2. 1 small can of cleaned cooked shrimps may be added with vegetables.

COLD CELERY

1 medium bunch celery	1/2 teaspoon salt (or to taste)
4 cups boiling water	1 teaspoon salad oil
1 tablespoon soy sauce	1 teaspoon sugar (if desired)

Wash celery head thoroughly and cut crosswise in 1-inch slices. Cut each slice in 2 or 3 pieces. Add the boiling water, cover and let stand for 2 minutes. Drain and plunge celery into ice-cold water for about 1 minute. Drain again, put celery in bowl and mix with remaining ingredients. Serves 6 to 8.

CHINESE PEACHES

Drain 12 firm canned peach halves and place cut side up in lightly buttered shallow pan. Sprinkle with 1/4 cup ginger syrup and dot with butter. Place in moderately hot oven 375 to 400 degrees F., 5 to 10 minutes. Serve warm with chopped preserved ginger or chill and serve with ice cream, chopped ginger and nuts. (This is not a true Chinese dish, but since Canadians like desserts, this is one with an Oriental flavor.)

WELSH RAREBIT

1 pound old Cheddar cheese	1 or 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard	Dash of tabasco
1/4 teaspoon paprika	1/2 cup light cream
1 teaspoon salt (or to taste)	

Crumble or grate cheese. Combine seasonings to a smooth paste, add cream and place over very low heat until hot. Stir in crumbled cheese and keep stirring, still over very low heat, until cheese melts and mixture is smooth. Serve at once over fresh hot toast, crackers or crisp rye wafers. Serves 4 to 6. (Rarebit may be made in a chafing dish, a double boiler or, if the quantity is large enough, in the electric frying pan.)

PINK PIGEONS

Combine equal parts or 1 part tomato juice to 2 parts chilled buttermilk. Season

to taste with salt and beat, blend or shake until thoroughly mixed.

ENGLISH CRULLERS

2 egg yolks	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar	1/8 teaspoon nutmeg
1/4 cup butter	2 cups all-purpose flour

Beat egg yolks until thick and light-colored. Add sugar and melted butter and beat thoroughly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites with salt and nutmeg. Sift flour, measure and add a little at a time to the egg mixture to make a dough that can be rolled (a little more or less flour may be needed). Roll on lightly floured board to about 1/4-inch thickness, cut in 2-inch squares and make 3 long incisions in each square. Drop a few at a time in deep hot fat (375 deg. F.) and fry about 3 minutes or until golden brown, turning once. Drain and sprinkle with powdered or very fine granulated sugar. Makes 24.

COOK-YOUR-OWN SANDWICHES

Set up a centre where the toaster and/or sandwich toaster and table grill can be plugged in. Arrange "the makings" in bowls or on platters and build your own sandwiches. You'll need some or all of these:

Bowl of softened butter (for spreading)
Bowl of fat (for cooking)
Bowl of eggs (to fry)
Sliced bacon
Hamburger patties (see recipe below)
Sliced onions
Sliced tomatoes
Sliced cheese
2 or 3 kinds of sliced breads
Cooking tools

REFRIGERATOR HAMBURGERS

2 pounds hamburger	2 tablespoons horseradish
4 tablespoons chopped onion	1/2 cup chopped green pepper
2 teaspoons salt	
2 tablespoons prepared mustard	

Mix ingredients in the order given and shape into a roll about 2 1/2 inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper. Place in the refrigerator for several hours or overnight. When ready to use, cut in slices with a sharp knife and grill, broil or pan fry.

MILK SHAKES

With chilled milk, a selection of flavorings and a large carton of ice cream from the freezer compartment, everyone can make his favorite shake using the electric blender or the large or small electric mixer. *

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Write to:

Manager, Subscription Department,
CHATELAINE,
481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Canada

LOOK WHAT WE DID, DADDY!

8 A.M. You had just left, when Carol and I came down for breakfast. Mommy took a flash picture to show you how nice we looked.



NOON Soon as I'd had my lunch I started to practise and kept at it until time to go back to school. (I didn't know Mommy was going to take my picture — or I would have looked up and smiled!)

3 P.M. After school, Carol and I built these "snowmen" of you and Mommy. Of course, Mommy helped us—and took a picture so you could share the fun.



6 P.M. End of a busy day. Just look at that movie star twinkle in Carol's eyes when Mommy appeared with the camera!

MOTHER ... you get so many chances to take pictures of the youngsters. You're with them all day ... see them at their sweetest and funniest. And it's so easy to catch the magic moments of the youngsters *all day long*. With a Kodak Duaflex Camera all you do is look into the big viewfinder and you see your picture just as you want it, and just as you'll get it, too! Stand eight feet from your subject (about two long paces) ... push the button and the picture is yours. Flash pictures, too ... like those above ... are as easy to take as snapshots in sunlight.

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Kodak



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Always look for this stamp. Accept nothing less.*



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EASY TO PEEL
BRIGHTER COLOUR
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in sixths as shown, leaving white
material that clings naturally*

Sunkist Navel

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TREE-FRESH
from California
and Arizona

CHATELAINE MEALS OF THE MONTH

February

Here's a brand-new snack to serve your hungry skaters, skiers and outdoor addicts —our Hot Supper Sandwich below

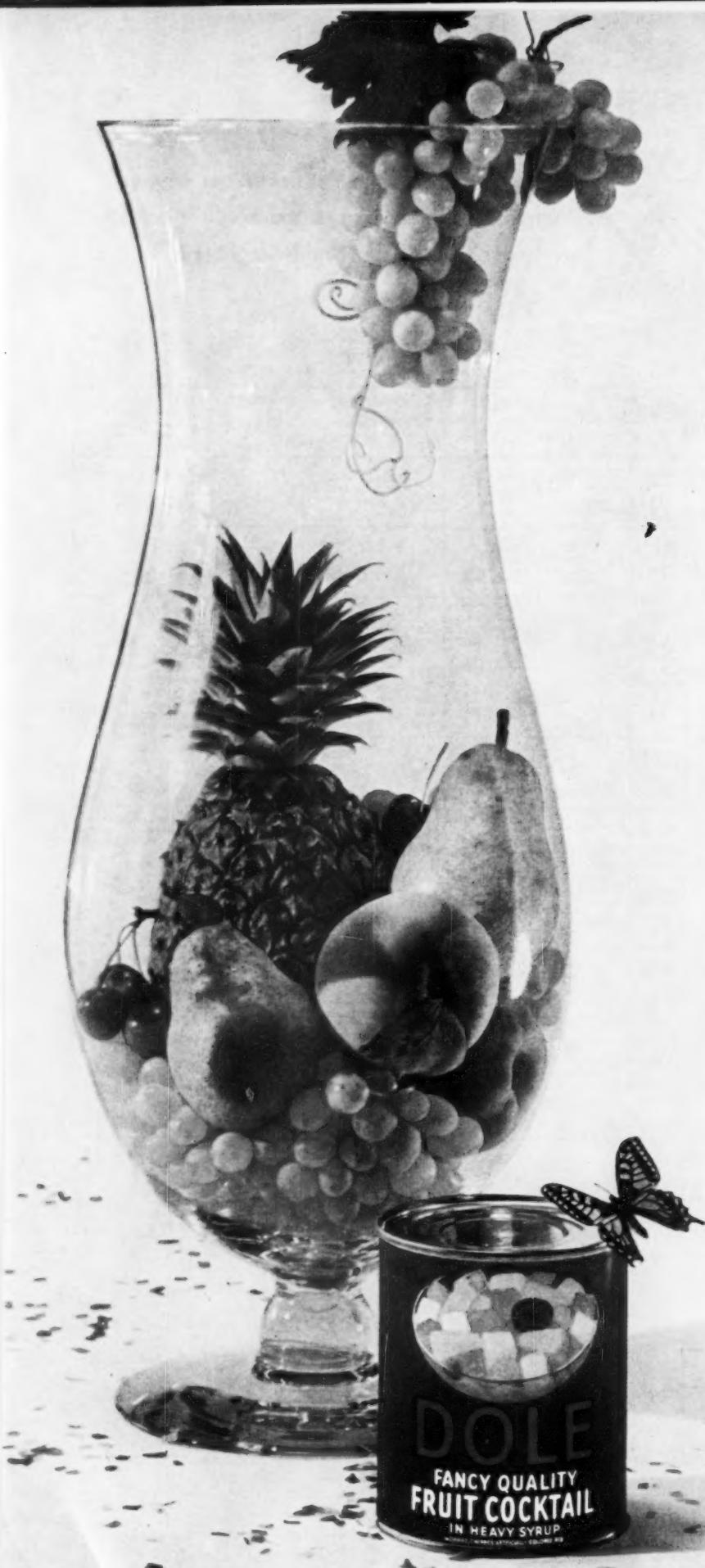
	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
WED 1	Orange Juice Wheat-germ Cereal Toast Coffee	Condensed Mushroom Soup on Toast Cabbage Slaw Peaches Milk	Cold Ham Buttered Spinach Duchess Potatoes Toasted Cinnamon Buns Honey	MON 20	Blended Fruit Juice Puffed Rice Marmalade Toast Coffee	Salmon Tarts Salad Canned Fruit Cookies Milk	Oxtail Soup Hot Vegetable Plate (cabbage, carrots, beans, beets) Raisin Bread Pudding
THU 2	Vegetable Juice Whole-wheat Flakes Toast Coffee	Hot Dogs Mustard Relish Sliced Spanish Onions Chocolate Cake Milk	Broiled Lamb Chops Tomatoes Broccoli Mashed Potatoes Strawberry Preserves Coffee	TUE 21	Tomato Juice Corn Flakes Conserve Milk	Split Pea Soup Ham Sandwiches Lemon Snow	Spaghetti and Meat Balls Tossed Salad Date and Nut Bread with Cream Cheese Coffee
FRI 3	Grapefruit Juice Puffed Corn Toasted Scones Coffee	Macaroni and Cheese Lettuce Wedges Tomato French Dressing Jellied Fruit Milk	Fish and Chips Lemon Cole Slaw Chocolate Trifle Coffee	WED 22	Orange Juice Wheat-germ Cereal Toast Coffee	Raisin Carrot Salad on Lettuce Tea Biscuits Apple Compote Milk	Stuffed Pork Tenderloin Hubbard Squash Green Beans Baked Potatoes Citrus Fruit Cup
SAT 4	Grape Juice Shredded Wheat Biscuits Conserve Toast Coffee	Hot Supper Sandwich† Canned Pears Hermits Milk	Boston Baked Beans Bacon Carrot and Celery Sticks Apple Pie Coffee	THU 23	Vitaminized Apple Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee	Canned Macaroni Dinner Parmesan Cheese Spinach Red and Green Grapes Milk	Swiss Steak Potatoes Mixed Vegetables Steamed Nutbread Squares Custard Sauce
SUN 5	Grapefruit Halves Waffles Maple Syrup Coffee	Pepper Pot Soup French Bread Apple Snow Brownies Milk	Roast Rib of Beef Oven-brown Potatoes Carrot Coins Brussels Sprouts Strawberry Shortcake	FRI 24	Grape Juice Bran Flakes Toast Coffee	Peanut Butter Sandwiches Celery and Carrot Sticks Rennet Dessert Milk	Clam Chowder Puff Biscuits Winter Greens Salad Poached Peaches in Maple Syrup
MON 6	Blended Citrus Juice Puffed Rice Toast Coffee	Chili Con Carne Toasted French Bread Stewed Figs Milk	Cold Roast Beef Gravy and Mashed Potatoes Green and Yellow Beans Grapefruit Halves Coffee	SAT 25	Stewed Prunes Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Vegetable Beef Soup Soda Crackers Sliced Bananas with Cream Cookies	Baked Cottage Roll Creamed Onions Glazed Carrots Boiled Potatoes Blueberries
TUE 7	Orange Slices Corn Flakes Marmalade Toast Coffee	Egg Sandwiches Carrot and Celery Sticks Eating Apples Milk	Loin Pork Chops Rice Buttered Cabbage Diced Beets Baked Custard	SUN 26	Citrus Fruit Cup Pancakes Jelly Coffee	Tuna Salad Italian Bread Preserved Plums Fruitcake Milk	Chicken Fricassee Dumplings Cubed Turnips Green Beans Cottage Cheese Cake Strawberry Sauce
WED 8	Vitaminized Apple Juice Wheat-germ Cereal Toast Coffee	Baked Stuffed Onions Cheese Sauce Fruit Cocktail Milk	Beef Stew with Vegetables Raisin Pie à la Mode Coffee	MON 27	Grapefruit Juice Wheat Biscuits Toast Coffee	French Onion Soup Old Canadian Cheddar Cheese Biscuits Baked Apples Milk	Sliced Cottage Roll Fried Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Cabbage Orange Halves
THU 9	Apricot Juice Puffed Wheat Toast Coffee	Tomato Soup Chef's Salad Chelsea Ring Milk	Veal Birds Savory Stuffing Whole Carrots Riced Potatoes Raspberries Coffee	TUE 28	Vegetable Juice Corn Flakes Graham Muffins Toast Coffee	Chicken Pot Pie Raw Relishes Pineapple Rice Cookies Milk	Sausages Corn Fritters Vegetable Aspic Mashed Potatoes Apricot Whip Coffee
FRI 10	Stewed Prunes Corn Flakes Toasted Raisin Buns Coffee	Parsley Omelet Rye Bread Cottage Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Milk	Finnan Haddie Spinach Salad Frozen Lima Beans Fruit Meringues Coffee	WED 29	Tomato Juice Bran Flakes Toast Coffee	Grilled Cheese Sandwiches Celery Hearts Lemon Pudding Milk	Broiled Fish Steaks Shoestring Potatoes Peas Hot Pecan Pie Coffee
SAT 11	Tomato Juice Bran Cereal Toast Coffee	Cabbage Casserole Parkerhouse Rolls Spiced Pears Milk	Sirloin Steaks Fried Rice Green Beans Tomatoes Iced Cake (leftover pudding) Coffee				
SUN 12	Citrus Fruit Cup Bacon Eggs Honey Butter Toast Coffee	Barley Soup Celery Sticks Radishes Tapioca Pudding Milk	Boned Leg of Pork Raisin Casher Dressing Duchess Potatoes Vegetables Julienned Vanilla Wafer Dessert				
MON 13	Orange Juice Whole-wheat Flakes Toast Coffee	Creamed Salmon and Peas on Toast Lemon Pie Milk	Mixed Grill Frozen French Fries Tossed Salad Applesauce Cake Coffee				
TUE 14	Grapefruit Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee	Pancakes and Syrup Applesauce Crisp Wafers Milk	Minced Pork Ring Cheese Parsley Sauce Diced Vegetables Cranberry Sherbet Coffee				
WED 15	Vegetable Juice Puffed Rice Toast Coffee	Borsch Hot Cornbread Lime Fruit Jellies Cookies Milk	Oyster and Noodle Casserole Baked Onions Whole Baby Carrots Mince Pie Coffee				
THU 16	Grape Juice Wheat-germ Cereal Toast Coffee	Sardine Sandwiches Canned Berries Angel Food Milk	Liver and Onions Kernel Corn Sliced Tomatoes Peach Pandowdy Coffee				
FRI 17	Whole Oranges Bran Flakes Toasted Chelsea Buns Coffee	Cheese Soufflé Tossed Salad Garlic Dressing Pears Milk	Tuna-Mushroom Casserole Potato Chips Green Beans Angel Trifle Coffee				
SAT 18	Vitaminized Apple Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Lima Bean Bake French Bread Herb Butter Butterscotch Pudding Milk	Dinner Out Before a Skating Party				
SUN 19	Grapefruit Halves Broiled Sausages Scrambled Eggs Toasted Cornbread Coffee	Pan-fried Luncheon Meat Potato Salad Whipped Jelly Milk	Baked Salmon Rice-Green Pepper Dressing Stuffed Tomatoes Broccoli Coconut Cream Pie Coffee				

Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

† HOT SUPPER SANDWICH

1 (12-ounce) tin luncheon meat
Or 1½ to 2 cups chopped cooked ham
2 tablespoons shortening
½ cup finely chopped onion
½ cup finely chopped celery
½ cup condensed tomato soup
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ cup chopped pickle
½ cup milk
3 cups biscuit mix
5 slices processed cheese

Grind luncheon meat or ham and set aside. Sauté onions and celery in melted shortening until tender. Add meat, mixing well. Stir in soup, mustard and chopped pickle and heat thoroughly. Stir milk into biscuit mix, tossing together only until dry ingredients are moistened. Roll dough lightly on a floured board or pastry cloth to form two 8-inch squares. Pat one square into bottom of a greased



... a Rainbow touched here

The grapes are cool jade-green, the peaches rosy with ripeness. There's rich red in the cherries, silver in the pears, and the brightest of gold in DOLE'S own Hawaiian Pineapple. What's round is plump, what's cubed is gem-cut. So good to look at—so good to eat! So good for you! Wonderful DOLE Fruit Cocktail—wonderfully easy to serve, too! Buy some today. Enjoy it often.

THE RUNAWAY BRIDE

Continued from page 12

themselves. I pretended like, well I was belonging to them." She put three fingers nervously to her small mouth. "Just a game I play sometimes. It helps." She choked a little. "That is, when the loneliness creeps over me," she added in apology.

"Why do you stay?" Hob asked curiously. "This is a free land."

"Mrs. Hanks figures I have a debt to pay off. And after, I'll work for a dowry. Mistress says no decent man'll have me without . . ."

Hob lifted a strong tanned finger, and touched her cheek. Soft as bird's down. "In Indian country this is a dot to a homesick lad." He looked at her with pity. Perhaps she believed what she was saying, that someday Mrs. Hanks would hand her cash, and arrange a marriage to a fine young man, but Hob knew it would never happen. Mrs. Hanks would keep her working, and invent debts until the girl was old at twenty-five and accepted servitude as the portion Heaven had doled to her.

"If you won't take money, take advice," he said sternly. "Mrs. Hanks will always try to keep you, like her slave. You'll have to take your freedom yourself." His face softened a little. If Ursula had lived, they could have taken her with them. Or, if he were on his way to the east, in a party, he could arrange her passage. "I wish I could help you," he added.

Sarah clasped her hands and looked up at him, in waiting appeal. He studied her skin's clear beauty, her soft mouth, her straight nose, and her eyes warming as rum on a bitter winter's day. It wouldn't be hard to find her a husband.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Just by sixteen." She leaned a little toward him.

Hob drew back. A child really. Little more than half his age, and yet woman enough to tempt him, who was a father. He had no place for a white woman in his life.

"Set your mind to it and it won't be hard. Slip away when Mistress is busy. Take this money. It'll be a help." He smiled kindly at her. "I couldn't take you. Without a wife, and no chaperon—it'd ruin your chances."

Tears filled her eyes. "Don't laugh," she begged. "But I pretended I belonged to you, too. I've a good hand with children. Who looks after your babes?"

"I do." He had no smile left in him now. "Don't think of me, lass. I'm more like your father. When I'm home, an Indian girl will come."

She flushed. "Those Indian hussies!" she flashed. "No shame, nor pride. They build their nests from white men's needs. And what happens to the true loves at home? Left waiting."

Hob shrugged, and turned to go. "God be with you," he said. He strode into the morning sunshine quickly. It was time to be on the trail.

The post vanished from view by midday. By late afternoon, gladness filling his heart, Hob Newman was bringing his motherless children into the country he loved. The sweep of the prairies was broken by clumps of chokeberry, and saskatoon bushes in fading fragrant blossom, and poplars

which stood stubborn against the bitter western winters.

Hob's grey eyes traveled back to where his seven-year-old Robin drowsed on the mare's back, and over the cart where the young one was crying. Hob couldn't hear the wail above the creaking of the ungreased wooden wheels. But he saw the tear-stained cheeks and distorted face.

His gladness vanished. He felt helpless. All the strength in his six-foot body wasn't enough to raise children. He needed a woman bad. His mind flashed to Sarah Lloyd. He smiled wryly. Her white skin might tingle his blood, but he was no longer a rash boy, boasting he'd have the first white wife here. He'd learned his lesson a bitter way.

Hob slapped the ox, and looked straight ahead. He thought of the times he'd sent Cree girls from his house. Damn foolish he'd been. A Cree wife would be meeting him now, and taking over the campfire, the cooking, the children, if he'd been less stubborn.

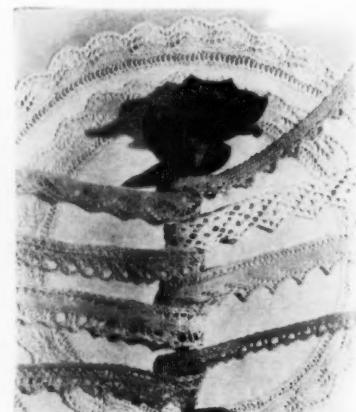
Oh, Trapper Dubois had told him. Dubois lived three miles away from him, in a shack by the lake. "You're a fool *anglais*," the old man had said. "Tis is Cree country, *mon ga*. A smart man 'e work with the tribe. You know Chief Smokey's daughter . . . the pretty one you turned down. Young Maclean, *jus' out from Scotland*, 'as 'er. 'E's in com-fort."

"What about his girl at home?" Hob put the mixture of willow bark and tobacco in his pipe, and lit and puffed, waiting for Dubois to reply. "I've brought him letters," he added.

Dubois rocked one of his dark-skinned daughters. "May-be she will come wit' your wife? The two firs' white women."

"I'm fetching Ursula and my sons in

Chatelaine Needlecraft



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the spring," Hob said. "It's a long trek for a refined woman alone."

The French Canadian's mouth twisted, and his light brown eyes flashed in mockery. "Ah, oui," he said, as if considering. "Ah, oui, oui, my fren', you feex all for your wife, a nice 'ouse, such as never seen 'ere, a piano two men carried on dere backs, your Bible on a shelf, but tell me, mon ga," he pursed his lips and pointed a finger, "can you feex the winter? Can you do that for the white woman?"

Hob Newman frowned as he remembered. Well, he was done arguing with Dubois. "Dubois," he'd say now when he visited the small man. "Dubois, you're right. If God had meant white women to live in this country, he'd no have taken mine." Dubois would bring out his best rum, and they'd sit in understanding. And Dubois' Cree wife would spread word in her tribe and, one day, he'd find an Indian girl doing work in his house.

For Ursula had belonged to his youth. The whirlwind courtship eight years ago in Montreal when he'd returned to settle his parents' estate, the extravagant honeymoon in Boston for the doll-like woman, and the assumption she'd adopt the west happily, all belonged to youth's follies and passions. She'd been reluctant to leave her friends, so he'd returned to build a home, alone. Three springs later he'd gone to fetch her, and the toddling Robin. But it was furniture she wanted first. He'd spent the last of his inheritance bringing the piano overland to ease any regrets she might have at leaving eastern comfort.

She never came. The second son was born. She complained of weakness in the sweet letters she wrote. She said she had a constant cold. The thought of traveling so far alone with the children frightened her, she said.

Hob half-sawed as he thought of the loneliness he'd endured. But, worse than that, had been the rending hope each time he'd heard settlers arrived overland from Montreal, and then the agonizing death of that hope. He couldn't bear the waiting longer. In the dead of winter he started out and arrived in Ursula's home to find her truly ill. And now all he had of her were his two motherless sons, and the empty wedding circlet in his shirt pocket.

The ox stopped. The afternoon was quiet, except for Simon's sobs. Hob picked him up, and the silence was sweet as old country tunes.

Hob saw the blue pool of water in the willows to the left. He squinted at the sun. He'd planned another slow four miles before they supped. But Simon was near exhaustion from his crying and Robin was hot as a steaming egg.

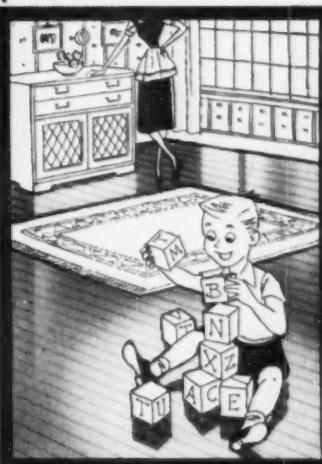
With his one free hand, Hob loosed the ox and watched it shuffle for water. "Watch 'im," he called to Robin, who dropped gladly from the mare's back. Circles of mosquitoes rose to plague them, and Hob, Simon on one arm, gathered dry grass and twigs to start a smudge.

Hob put the boy down to light the fire with his flint. Simon clung to his long leg. "Robin," cried Hob in exasperation. Robin had disappeared, following the ox.

Hob shook his head, and gave the



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Be hi Valentine



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Evaporated Milk . . . that will turn the heads of all
the men in your family at Valentine's or any
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easy and economical to use in a
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1. Cut 1-inch layer from inverted 9-10 inch angel cake. In cake, cut trough $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep, leaving $\frac{1}{2}$ inch walls. Dissolve 1 pkg. cherry jelly powder in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup boiling water; cool until it begins to thicken, but not set.

2. Meantime, pour $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of Evaporated Milk into a refrigerator freezer tray and freeze until crystals line sides to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch depth. Then turn into a chilled bowl and beat until stiff.

3. Beat in 1 tbsp. grated lemon rind and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice. Gradually beat in 1 cup fine granulated sugar; then the partially thickened jelly. Continue to beat until mixture forms soft peaks.

4. Chill, folding occasionally, until mixture holds its shape. Spoon into trough in cake. Replace top layer. Frost cake completely with remaining mixture. Chill until firm. Decorate for the occasion.

There are lots more wonderful recipe ideas in Marie Fraser's New Evaporated Milk Recipe Booklet. Write now for your free copy to the address below:

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B. C. CINNAMON APPLES

- 1 cup water
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 1 or 2 drops red food coloring
- 3-inch stick cinnamon
- 6 medium-size cooking apples

Make syrup of water, sugar, vinegar, coloring and spice; simmer 5 minutes. Add peeled, cored and halved apples. Cook gently until barely tender, turning and basting during cooking. Remove from syrup and serve hot or cold. Apples will become somewhat darker when chilled. Serves 6.

B. C. APPLE CRISP

- 6 medium size B. C. apples
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar
- Cinnamon
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup flour
- 3/4 cup brown sugar

Peel the apples and slice into a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with the granulated sugar and cinnamon. Combine the butter, flour and brown sugar, and spread mixture on top of the apples. Bake about 30 minutes in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until apples are soft and top is a golden brown. Serves 6.

And they're just as good in juice form too!

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APPLE JUICE
—a wonderful breakfast drink . . . a cooling refresher anytime
Kiddies Love It!



OKANAGAN SALAD

- 3 cups diced apples
- 1/2 cup grated carrot
- 1 cup chopped celery
- Hint of onion
- 1 cup well-drained crushed pineapple
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- Seasonings to taste

Peel, core and dice apples and marinate in salad dressing for 2 hours, using enough dressing to blend with apples. Add carrots, celery, onion, pineapple and nuts, blending well together. Season to taste. Turn out on lettuce leaves to serve. Garnish as desired.

child a piece of maple sugar. Dis-
couragement like a black cloud moved
over his brain, and rained into the
depths of his heart. Perhaps he wouldn't
wait for a girl to come. Perhaps he
would go and visit Chief Smokey next
week.

He coaxed a spark to blaze. Robin's
excited voice came to him, as his feet
swished through the grass. "Papa, Paw,
I found a puppy. Can I keep 'im?"

Robin cradled a small coyote in his
arms. "There's four others in a sort
of nest. This one didn't snap. Can
I keep 'im?"

"Sure, son. But watch Simon while I
fetch water."

Hob pulled his rifle from the cart.
He'd shoot a duck, and cook it in clay
for breakfast at dawn tomorrow. His
eyes swept the grasses for other game,
sharpened, stopped on a movement on
the eastern horizon. No, not deer. They
stayed in the hill country. Not enough
fawns to be buffalo. A horse. Someone
traveling fast, following him, perhaps.

Hob slipped his moccasins off, and
walked into the soft-bottomed slough.
He waded carefully so as not to disturb
the cool, oozing mud. He let the pot
fill. The mare was drinking, sucking
the water in long gulps, and the ox was
eating, harness badly tangled.

Hob came from the slough and rubbed
his feet dry with grass. He squinted
at the rider again. Sarah Lloyd? Of
course not. Two riders. He wondered
when the image of the girl would cease
to be bright and clear, a picture in his
brain.

Hob gave Simon hard biscuit to chew,
while the water for rub-a-boo heated.
The riders were close now, the sun
cutting hard into their faces. It was
Mrs. Hanks from the boarding house,
and some hireling in a red coat so that
he'd command respect from the Indians.

Hob noted the way Mrs. Hanks rode,
astride like a man, a rifle across the
front of her saddle. She had a face
like a turtle, snapping small eyes, and
a wide greedy mouth. She jerked her
horse's mouth, and stopped him. "Where
is she?" she demanded.

Hob looked puzzled. "Who?" he
asked finally.

"Sarah Lloyd has run away," an-
nounced Mrs. Hanks. "You were the
only one to see her alone today."

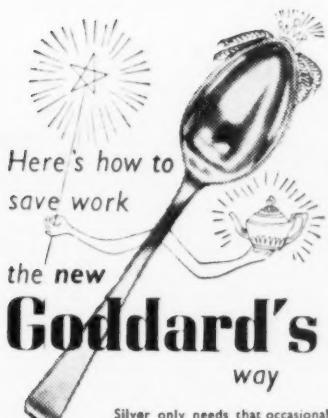
Hob grinned in delight, his white
teeth flashing. "I've two lads," he
pointed out. "What should I want with
another child? But if you doubt my
word, look around. No one's passed
me, and slow we came. There's only
a breed settlement before the valley."

"She started this way." Mrs. Hanks
turned her horse towards the slough, and
walked it there for a drink. The man
followed.

When they returned, she eyed the
heavy pot of water, sitting on stones
over the blaze. "Rub-a-boo for sup-
per," he said. "My pemmican makes
the best of soup, for it's heavy with
berries. And I have good rum in my
cart. But of course I sell my meals,
priced like you do, mistress."

The pair rode away swiftly.

Hob Newman was on his way
early next morning. By noon Simon
was jolted to sleep in the creaking cart,
sucking a duck bone. Robin drowsed
on the back of the mare who pulled
at the grass. Hob glanced backward,
and stopped the slow ox. A crow cawed,



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a sweet sound after the noise of the wooden wheels.

Robin sat erect, and blinked. "Something wrong?" he shrieked.

Hob pointed. Sarah Lloyd was walking fast after them. She was wearing a coat in the heat. And a ridiculous hat with feathers on it. Hob cursed every time he'd looked at her. She must have known there was a quickening in his blood.

Sarah carried a bag. She started to run, and stumbled over the skull of a buffalo. Hob scowled when she came up to him, grass on her dusty coat, but her eyes bright as petals on a spring crocus.

Hob didn't greet her. She scanned his dour face. "There's a small convent at the settlement," she panted. "Or I can go to the preacher who rides around, marrying men to their Indian women."

Hob took out his pipe, filled it from the pouch at his waist.

"I let mistress pass me," Sarah went on. "When she can't find me ahead, she'll go back along the river to see if I went off in a canoe. She won't look for me long, in case she's being cheated at her house." She paused, her blue eyes pleading. "Maybe I could teach at the settlement. I know how to count, to add even, and I know lots of scripture."

Hob still said nothing.

"Don't make me go back," she burst out. "I've wanted to leave so many times. You talkin' like you did, and the money . . . I'll not have courage again."

Hob lit his pipe. He puffed. "I'd like to see you rid of Mrs. Hanks," he said. "People come here to be free, not kept as slaves. Put your coat on the cart, and follow as far as the convent."

"Maybe you'd get to like me," she said hopefully.

Hob spat. "I want no third child." "You're cruel," she said. "Why?"

"Don't forget," he said. "I tried a white wife." He looked at her. Her fair face had burned in the sun, and her blue eyes with those absurd long lashes were filling with tears. "Get," he said to the ox, and slapped it with a bare hand. She'd make him loving if he didn't keep up his guard.

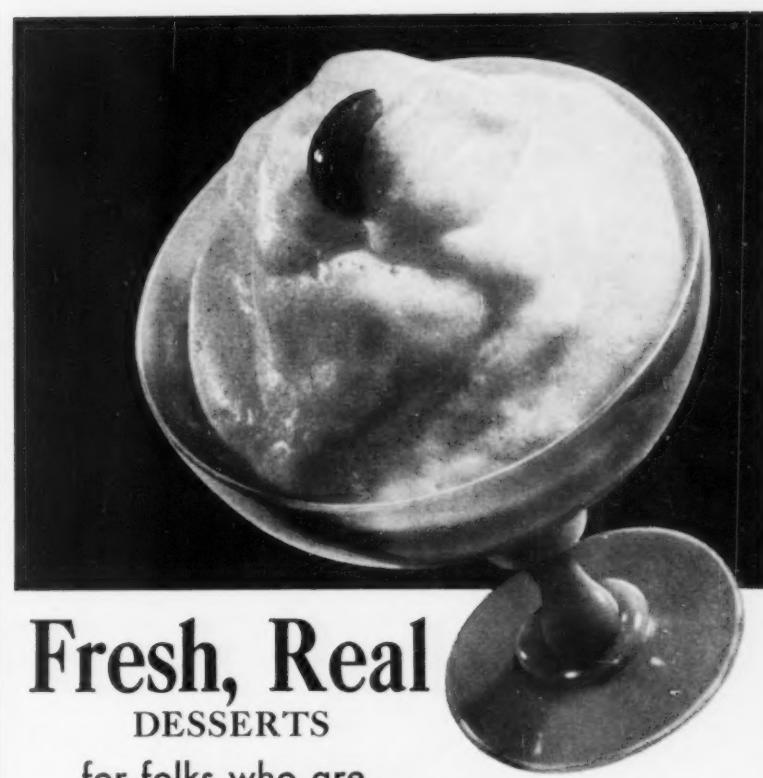
Sarah went ahead, swishing at the mosquitoes with a willow branch. When Hob shot a rabbit, she ran to him, her face eager. "I'll hurry ahead, and have it fixed when you catch up."

Hob threw the rabbit beside Simon, where the coyote snuffled at it with its puppy nose. "I ken you know the squaw's tricks," he said harshly. "No thank you, lass."

Hob let her eat with them, but he wouldn't have her so much as put a stick on the fire, or rinse the iron kettle. If she comforted the children, that was an exchange of companionship, he figured. But if she thought she could make him dependent, she was mistaken. He'd kept Indian girls away by refusing their help. He'd do the same now.

She slept with Robin in his sleeping bag. When they awoke it was drizzling lightly. Hob told Sarah to get in under the burlap roof he put on the cart. She took Simon in her arms, against her soft breasts. He started the ox, and he could see her lips moving. But he couldn't hear her song above the creaking.

At suppertime the rain stopped. Hob



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3. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Chill to slightly thicker than unbeaten egg white consistency.
4. Add 2 unbeaten egg whites and beat with a rotary beater until the mixture begins to hold its shape.
5. Turn into a 6-cup mold or individual molds, or spoon into dessert dishes. Chill until firm.
6. Serve with a custard sauce, if desired.
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MAGIC MOCHA PUDDING

(Self-sauced with Chocolate)

3 ounces (3 squares) unsweetened
chocolate
1 1/2 tbsps. corn starch
2 cups fine granulated sugar
2 1/2 cups water
1 1/2 cups once-sifted cake flour
2 1/2 tbsps. Magic Baking Powder
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tbsps. powdered instant coffee
6 tbsps. butter or margarine
1 egg, well-beaten
1/2 cup milk
1/2 tsp. vanilla

Melt the chocolate in the top of double boiler. Combine the corn starch and 1 1/2 cups of the sugar and stir into melted chocolate. Stir in water. Cook over low direct heat, stirring constantly, until sauce comes to the boil; cover and keep hot over boiling water until needed.

Grease a 6-cup casserole. Preheat oven to 350° (moderate).

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt and instant coffee together three times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in remaining 1/2 cup sugar. Add well-beaten egg, part at a time, beating well after each addition. Measure milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a third at a time, alternating with two additions of milk and vanilla and combining lightly after each addition. Turn batter into prepared casserole. Pour 2 cups of hot chocolate sauce over batter. (Keep remaining sauce over hot water to serve with pudding.) Bake pudding in preheated oven about 50 minutes. Pass remaining hot sauce.

Magic costs less than 1¢ per average baking

called a hal', and Sarah held her back as she jumped down. "I think walkin's better," she said, "even in the wet."

The ox licked the tough blades of grass, collecting water with his thick tongue. The boys ran barefoot, while Hob coaxed a blaze on the damp ground. When the smudge was smoking, Sarah called, "A man. On horseback. Don't send me back."

A lean red horse pounded into camp. A thin old man in black, half-dirty clerical collar on his scrawny neck, lifted his hand in greeting. "Ho, Reverend Burns," cried Hob.

"So you brought your missus back," the stranger intoned. "Blessings on you, brave woman." He squinted at Sarah.

"Consumption took my wife," said Hob. "She passed on, six months ago. This is a charge I've brought with me."

The preacher brought forth a small black book. "My services?"

"No," said Hob angrily.

"Meant no harm. Meant no harm. I'm going about marrying the lads. Christenin' their babies. Charge them extra for every live birth before the ceremony. Encourages them to make it legal." He swung off his horse, smiling wearily. "When I was young I thought it my duty to convert. Now I'm content to get these men to marry."

"You'll eat with us," invited Hob.

The preacher nodded. "You folks meet up with a runaway girl?" Sarah looked away, and Hob shook his head. The man continued, "A sneaky servant. She owed the woman who runs the boarding house quite a bit of money. Took herself off, like a migrating bird."

"These servants don't know their places today," said Hob. "Need to be beat more, like in the old days."

"They had respect for it," agreed Reverend Burns.

"I'll fix you a spot of rum," Hob turned to the ox cart.

"Mrs. Hanks' troubles none of my concern," remarked the man after a moment, and smiled at Sarah. She hurried then to help Hob, overlooking his curtness at her aid. They ate salt pork, with fried pemmican, and chewed hard biscuit. The men drank watered rum, and the children and Sarah drank water.

Reverend Burns left, as soon as he'd finished. "I'll be at the Duncan home-stead for two nights," he called back, and waved his hand in farewell.

"Thank you," said Sarah humbly to Hob.

"He's no friend of Mrs. Hanks," said Hob. He felt her blue eyes on his face, and looked away. "I relish cheating your mistress of a servant," he repeated. "But at the settlement, you'll walk ahead. I want no more of you." If he weakened much more, he'd be making love to her. She was warm, and pretty. He held himself tense to the point of harshness.

Sarah put the children to bed, picked the grass from her coat, and crawled into the bag beside Robin.

Hob determined to reach home by nightfall of the next day, so they rose at dawn. They walked through the soft mist, and through the early morning, and plodded doggedly as the sun rose hotter in the broiling sky. Each hour they stopped for water and rest, but by afternoon they were wooden people, shut from life by the sound of the wheels, and exhaustion in their limbs.

Before they came to the shacks, and

the log building used for a convent, Hob gave the girl some silver. He stopped the ox. "Tell your story honest to the nuns," he told her. "They'll look after you."

He was done with her. With mingled feelings he watched her go ahead of him, coat over her arm, brown head high, with the ridiculous hat bobbing. If she'd been a bit older, or if he'd never known Ursula, nor listened to Dubois . . . Now that he was sending her away, he knew marrying her had hung on a small thing.

Hob gave water to his boys. They were burned, and tired-looking. "Look," said Robin. Hob twisted his head. Mrs. Hanks and her man were riding fast to meet Sarah. "Damn," said Hob, and put down the dipper of water.

Hob left the children, came up behind Sarah, and halted. He saw the hot angry face of Mrs. Hanks, and the leer of her man. He realized Sarah had misjudged her own value. "You're coming back to work out the money you stole," Mrs. Hanks snapped.

Sarah had put her hands behind her back, hiding her money. She turned her face toward Hob and there was terror in her eyes.

"I could have you in jail," said the woman triumphantly. "You'll be in service years now, lass."

Hob moved close behind the girl. "If you butt in," said Mrs. Hanks, and steadied her rifle, "I'll have you run in for corrupting a minor charge. I got those words from a notary."

"A minor charge?" demanded Hob. He was sweating under his shirt, because he knew it was best to be rid of the girl, and yet he couldn't refuse her appeal. He took his dead wife's ring from his pocket, and grasped Sarah's left hand, sliding the ring into it. "If my wife owes you," he said, "I'll straighten it out. But I'd like to see the bills you took over, and a fair figuring of her wages." He turned to Sarah. "You may have a dowry for a poor homesteader," he said to her.

His grey eyes blazed at Mrs. Hanks. "Sally is no minor," he said. "We were married by Preacher Burns himself last night."

Sarah had put the ring on, and she brought the hand in front. Mrs. Hanks' turtle mouth was doubtful.

"I wonder if you mightn't owe my wife wages, Mrs. Hanks," repeated Hob.

The woman lashed her horse, and reined him in tightly as he reared. "Blessings, dear girl," she cried, saliva spraying into the air. "Keep the money you took for a wedding present." She loosened the reins, and the horses dashed back to the settlement.

"Thank you," said Sarah weakly.

"It's all right," said Hob, and held his brown hand out for the ring. "A bit of play actin'. She'll go back, and by the time she hears, you'll be set. We'll find you a young man going east to live." Sarah handed him the money. "The ring," he said.

"What'll I do now?" she asked.

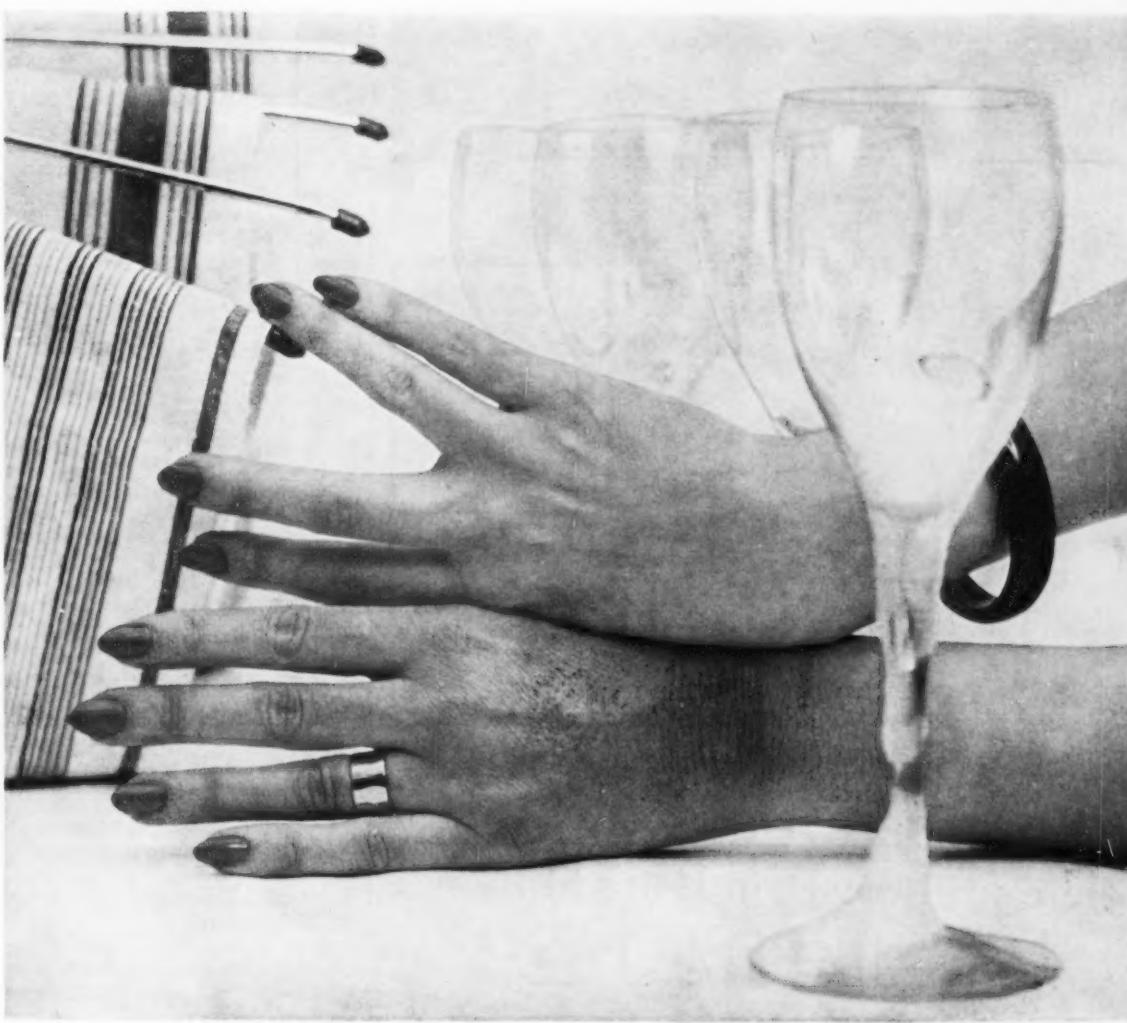
"We'll push on to my house. The valley drops at that line of poplars. After we sup, you go to Trapper Dubois'. His wife's a fine Cree woman. Has a bit of convent rearing."

Sarah tugged hard at the ring. "It hasn't mind to come off."

Hob turned abruptly from her, putting the money in his pocket.

"I'm sorry," she said, voice contrite.

"It's all right." Irritated, he slapped



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the ox, and they started off in silence.

Sarah dragged her feet, as if deathly weary. "Get in," roared Hob, and helped her up beside Simon and the coyote. He swung onto the mare, in front of Robin, and led the way, glancing back now and again. Sarah was sitting, head down, shining hair tumbled loose around her neck, while Simon played with her hat. She kept twisting the ring. She had small hands, but the flesh was swollen with heat and mosquitoes.

Step by step. And with every one, Hob was conscious that the ring, standing for marriage, clung to the girl's finger as if it had will of its own. Down the steep hill, following the prairie line around clumps of wolf willows, and poplars.

The creaking stopped. Sarah had halted the ox, just as they were to come into view of the lake.

"Here." She reached out the plain ring to him, face offended, like a child punished by mistake. He dismounted and accepted it.

"It's nothing to do with you," he assured her. It had to do with Ursula, and the loneliness he'd endured. While other men had comfort, and adoring dark eyes, he'd had only dreams. He dropped the ring into his pocket.

"Ye'd be mad lonely by spring break-up."

Hob felt her eyes looked through him at such a weak excuse. He knew she'd been lonely for years. "You don't understand," he went on. "At the inn, there were white folk coming and going, and you heard the sound of your language in many voices. Ye'd hunger for white people your own age, not my age, nor the lads' ages."

Sarah seemed to wait for conviction, not with just her eyes, but her whole body, the set of her shoulders, the placing of her feet.

"And there'll never be a railway," he argued. "When I married the first time, I told my wife so, then. But I know better. I've seen the western mountains. Rows and rows of rock barriers, topped by hills of ice. No rail can get through there. I brought the ox to clear land for myself, but this is Indian country."

Sarah changed Simon's position, as he drooped sleepily beside her. She held him closer, as if to stop Hob from separating them.

"Get," Hob cried angrily at the ox, for the animal was buckling his knees. He snatched up the whip and cracked it. Sarah had not so much as nodded her head, to brace the weakening within him.

They rounded a bluff, and Hob stopped the cart to speak. "My house," he said, and pointed down the hill.

Sarah shielded her blue eyes against the sharp yellow rays of the sun. "Ooooh," she breathed. "A proper one."

Hob looked down at the log house with its glass windows. Pitiful compared to eastern homes. But he'd fashioned it with such care, chinked the thick walls with moss and shavings so that not a wisp of icy air could ease through a crack in winter. In all the hours of labor there'd been such a yearning in his blood, it had been like a desperate prayer. "If God had wanted me to have a white bride," he said, staring, "he would have brought me my Ursula."

Sarah put her hand on his arm. "I'm sorry," she said.

They started again. The ox smelled

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water, and hurried, and Robin galloped the mare ahead. Simon fell asleep. Hob grinned and pointed out a small bit of land he'd cleared.

They stopped at the door. Robin went on with the horse to the lake. Hob opened the unlocked door, smiling. Someone had used his house, of course. The heavy iron pan wasn't hung right. Someone had read the Bible, and left it on a bad slant on its ledge beside the pot of ink.

Sarah followed, carrying the sleeping Simon. Hob took the boy, and his hands touched her arms. She trembled, and the quick warmth of passion ran along the blood of his limbs. He carried the boy through the open doorway into the bedroom, and eased him onto the wide bunk. He untied his moccasins slowly. He'd take the girl to Dubois' soon. She was blotting out his memories of Ursula (and his plans of living in the comfort only an Indian could give in this primitive country).

Hob walked on quiet bare feet to the doorway. Sarah had come to his piano. She had opened it. She was bent, caressing the keys with soft fingers.

Hob cleared his throat. She jumped. She put out a hand to touch the dust on top. "It's like finding home in a strange, hard world," she murmured. "My mother had a piano."

Hob walked over beside her. "The men dropped it here." He showed her a crack on the side.

Her pink lips clucked, as she shook her head. Her blue eyes looked shyly under the black lashes. "Maybe I could try a tune before I leave," she said.

Hob moved closer. "Sarah," he started. His resistance was gone. She knew what a piano was in this new country, and that made her one like him. She had adopted this country, too, but she still ached for her old land. A piano brought home to the prairies. You could play tunes louder than a raging blizzard outside, and greater than the silent cold. A man gave a woman a piano, as compensation for bearing babes alone, and a promise that culture would come later.

"I'll get a bite of supper," said Sarah uneasily. "I don't feel tired. After I eat, I'll leave. You've been kind and patient."

"Sarah, I've something to say." Ursula would never have known what that piano meant. He'd chosen badly, carried by youth's passion and impulse. He grasped her arm. "I've been a fool," he said, and pulled her to him.

He held her tight, and felt her warm body strain away from his. Her lips avoided his, and so he kissed her under the ear, and felt his heart hammering. "You mustn't go now."

She stiffened away from him. "I cannot figure it out," he said, letting her go. "Maybe you're tired," he suggested.

"Tired?" She glanced at him archly. "I'm used to that."

He dug out the ring, proffered it, but she shook her head. "You offer me little," she said.

Hob stared at her, incredulously. His mind shuttled over the whole business of her coming after him. "You've been teasing me," he cried in terrible comprehension. "One of your pretend games."

"But you let the preacher pass us by," She pouted.

Hob pulled the Bible down on the



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Dissolve Jell-O completely in boiling water. Add 8 to 12 ice cubes and stir constantly 2 to 3 minutes, or until Jell-O starts to thicken. Remove unmelted ice and let stand 3 to 6 minutes. Then whip with rotary egg beater or electric mixer for a full 3 minutes until fluffy and thick. Turn into moulds or dishes. Chill until firm. Makes 8 servings.

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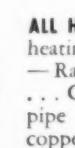
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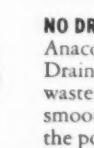
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rough table. He sat on the stool and turned to the golden pages in the centre. He reached for the quill and the ink. "This is to go to Robin," he said, confidence in his voice that he didn't feel. "It'll record our marriage, as of today."

"But I haven't said yes," cried Sarah. Hob put the quill down slowly. He felt himself beginning to sweat. "Maybe you see the grey in my hair," he said. "And look, it's thinning on top. But my grandfather lived to be eighty, and my father was fifty the year I was born. I'll be at your side a long time, girl. You're not marrying an old man."

But he wished he were one. To have come along a painful road of conflict, and accept the wish of another, as if it were his own, only to find the other one had changed, made him yearn for release from desire. "Maybe you won't find such a fine young man, now," he threatened. "Not since you followed me, overnight on the trail."

"You told me different right along," she retorted.

He felt like hurling the book at her. But he fought down such an evil impulse. Instead, he slammed it shut. "All right," he said hoarsely, thinking to the things that Ursula demanded. "I cannot give you a honeymoon. I'm a poor man. And maybe the furniture isn't fine enough. Outside of the piano, I made it myself, and I've not great skill."

She moved swiftly to him. "Oh, don't think such things," she said. Her small fingers closed on his dark brown arm. "It's just the ring, and a kiss, and writing our names—it isn't enough. Couldn't you ride back and get the preacher?"

Hob gave a snort of relief. "You had me near frantic," he cried. "Oh, I've got a good swift mare. I'll go tomorrow and you tend the little ones."

He reached for her again and this time she stayed in his arms long enough to return his kiss. Her lips were soft and warm. Hob felt an ease of tension like a cloak of contentment dropping over him.

"Never thought I would have such a fine home," she sighed.

"Nor I such a fine wife," said Hob.

"You think, then, I'll maybe do as well as a Cree woman?" She flicked a glance at him under her long lashes.

Hob felt himself blushing but he looked at her straight.

"Lass," he said gently, "I've no doubt you can do anything you set your mind to. Anything in this world at all."

And when they both laughed it was like a chord sounded on the piano, like the climbing call of a meadowlark, like the murmuring song of the prairie wind in the poplars that was to blow through all their life together. *

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DR. HILLIARD TALKS TO SINGLE WOMEN

Continued from page 17

against this betrayal is to appreciate that the speed-up of her emotions is not only possible but natural and normal. Her best defense is to have no confidence at all in her ability to say nay at the appropriate moment. The belief that any woman can coolly decide to halt love-making at some point before she is wholly committed is a tiger trap devised by the romantics. Negatives during an ecstatic embrace are for Jane Austen's paper heroines and not for a lady of flesh and blood.

For this reason women have to safeguard themselves with a standard of conduct that may seem quaint and archaic. The freedom a modern girl allows herself is a delusion—it gives her no freedom of choice whatsoever.

I cannot be so unrealistic as to suggest that teen-agers, for example, should never kiss; few parents even attempt to impose such an unnatural restriction on their children. But not enough mothers warn their daughters that kissing is intended by nature to be an appetizer, not an entire meal. Some parents seem to believe, mistakenly, that tumults of emotion happen only to adults.

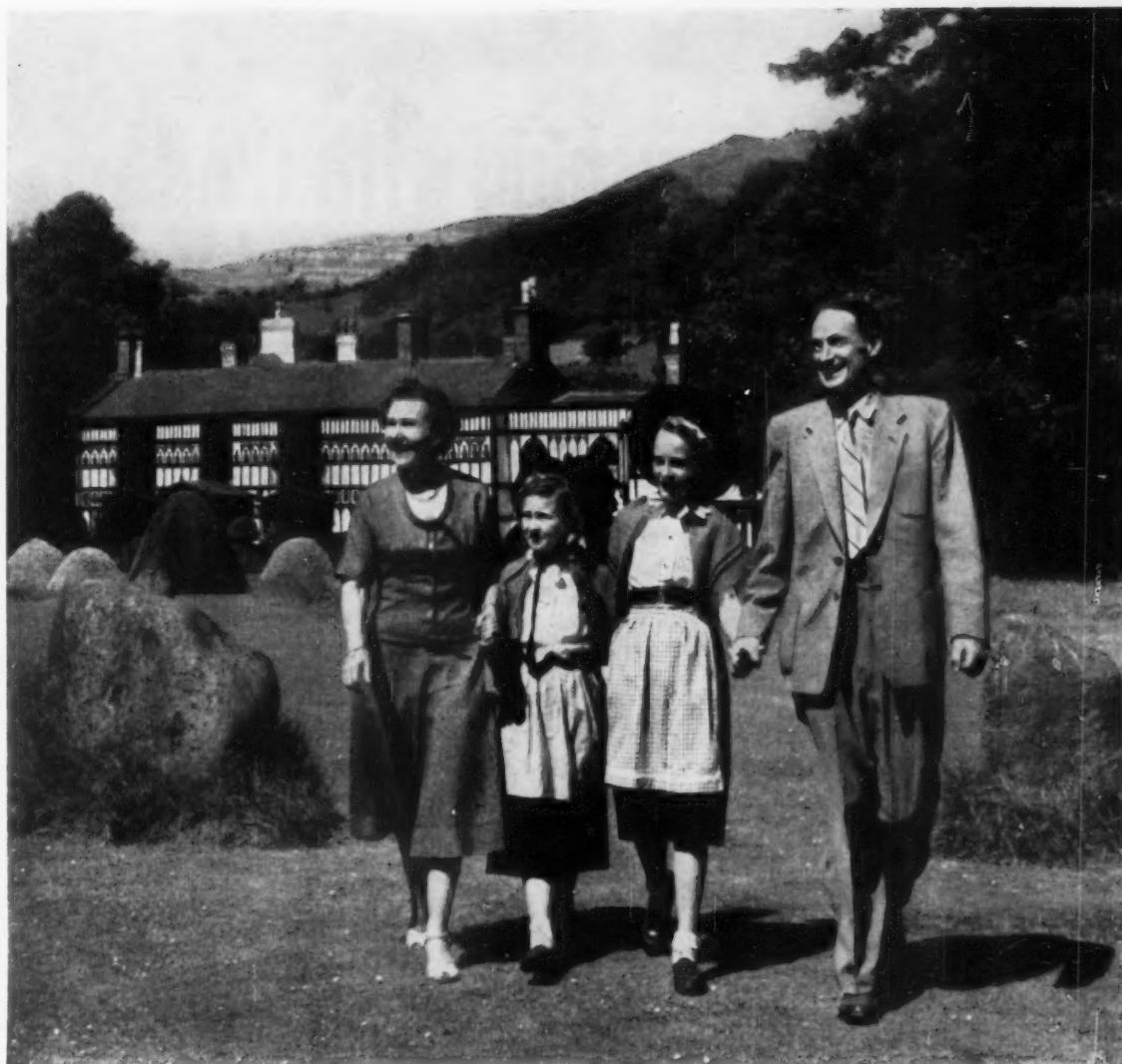
I've been called upon occasionally to advise girls of high-school age. My rules are based not so much on avoiding social censure as on avoiding personal torment. I'm not concerned with the community's approval so much as the youngster's own opinion of herself. A promiscuous youngster is ravaged by her own bitter conscience; her greatest tragedy isn't the loss of her reputation—it's the loss of her self-respect.

For this reason I suggest that teen-age girls shouldn't pet with a casual date because such dates usually have little sense of responsibility and consideration. Teen-agers shouldn't pet in automobiles, where there is no possibility of outside help. They shouldn't pet as a means of putting in time, just because they have nothing better to do and are looking for thrills. Human passion is no toy to be used whenever the couple is bored. A girl should never permit petting out of a sense of obligation, in payment for her evening's entertainment. That's plain prostitution.

Some youngsters, however, do have a deep and true feeling for one another that transcends the frivolous attachments of their friends. This relationship, rare in teen-agers because it is so mature, can be distinguished by its quality of affection. Affection is the enduring element in any man-woman association. Passion is a bonfire that soon burns itself out but affection can last a lifetime. It frightens me that movies, popular songs and television constantly portray only the passion side of human love, giving our adolescents the false impression that this is love in its entirety. Nothing could be more wrong; real love is mainly affection.

These same rules still hold for a college girl or one beginning to work in an office, factory or store. Some new situations, however, have been added. Visiting the man's hotel room or apartment alone is like playing with loaded dice—you lose every time.

My most important piece of advice



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for any woman is to play in her own league. I mean this in a variety of ways: a young girl shouldn't go with an older man, a secretary with her boss, a naïve woman with a sophisticate, a sheltered youngster with a hoodlum in a wind-breaker. Those who do are sure to be hurt.

I want to deal mainly with the problems of an unmarried woman in this article but I must digress to point out that married women can also be shattered if they fail to respect the power of their biology. Wives, trusting in the myth that "nothing can happen" because they are with a good friend or neighbor, sometimes seek to nourish their egos with easy kisses and embraces. They can set in motion a violence beyond control. I know. I have delivered the children born of these affairs and listened to the details of their divorces. "I couldn't help myself," they wail. I believe them, but they could have prevented the catastrophe if they hadn't agreed to switch husbands for the drive back to town or to inspect the back nine in the moonlight.

I'll never understand how "this thing is bigger than both of us" ever got to be a comedy line.

A few years ago a patient of mine came into Women's College Hospital to have her second baby. Her best friend, she told me, was taking a two-week vacation in order to care for her first child and prepare meals for her husband. "A dandy arrangement," I thought to myself, "just dandy." A few months later my heart-broken patient had instituted divorce proceedings, naming her best friend as corespondent.

"How could she? How could she?" sobbed my patient. I sympathized but I still feel she had brought the situation on herself by putting her husband and friend in an intimate arrangement where normal restraint was difficult. As a doctor I don't believe there is such a thing as a platonic relationship between a man and a woman who are alone together a good deal.

Life Owes You Nothing

Much of my practice has been with women who have been labeled career women. Most of them are highly intelligent, charming and attractive; most of them are also unmarried.

A hundred or more of them have whispered to me, "Doctor, I'm not married and it doesn't look as though I'm going to be married. What do I do with my sex?"

To me it is as ridiculous as asking what to do with lungs. The sex drive is as natural a part of a woman as the need for oxygen. She uses her lungs for breathing and her sex drive, properly channeled, for enriching her life.

The first move is to stop being selfish and self-centred. A woman who feels unwanted is bound to get into trouble; she's looking for it. The unmarried woman has to face up to herself and her life. She's got to stop expecting life to be fair. Life isn't meant to be that way at all. Life doesn't owe her a handsome adoring husband and two beautiful children full of bright sayings — life owes her nothing. She has to reorganize her thinking so that she can be grateful for the good things that happen to her and work her way through the bad things without a sense of defeat.

This is the bitter, desperate adjustment that the single woman has to

make. Nothing will again be as painful as the moment she realizes that she will live all her life alone; no moment will ever hurt so much. Once this is past she can begin to sort out her existence on the sound and sane basis of "This is how it is going to be" rather than the treacherous, doomed "This is what might happen tomorrow."

The first step is to build a home of her own that is a sanctuary, not just a place to hang her beret. Just as the married woman, she must learn to be a good housekeeper, a tasteful interior decorator, an imaginative cook. It is very hard, in the beginning, to be alone. It's a good idea to start a music collection to help fill the emptiness and a better idea to find a group activity, such as a business girls' club or a badminton club, where an unescorted girl doesn't feel out of place.

I might add that when the unmarried girl, sitting alone in her apartment through a soft spring night, feels most forlorn and lonely she can meditate on the lot of the many married women who are also alone that night because their husbands are traveling, or working late, or out with the boys or philandering.

A married woman doctor on our staff had been looking exhausted for months. I finally asked what was the matter. "I've had trouble keeping a housekeeper," she explained, "so I have a lot of housework to do when I get home. Our children are having difficulties in school so they need a lot of help and my husband likes to entertain. I haven't drawn a carefree breath in two years."

"Don't tell me," I suggested, "tell all our unmarried women doctors who are moping around the hospital being sorry for themselves and envying you."

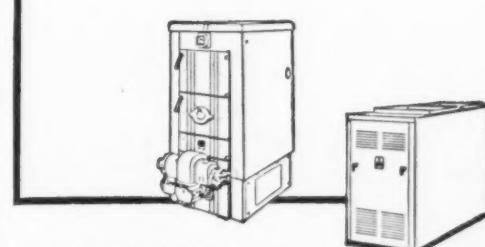
It's curious how many unmarried women have the impression that a marriage license automatically assures an idyllic existence. I sometimes suspect that the myth is kept alive by married women who regard the Paris-copy clothes of their unmarried sisters, examine the unscratched coffee tables, listen to the tales of bus trips to Mexico and opening night at the theatre and then remark blandly: "Isn't it a shame you aren't married. You poor dear!"

The unmarried girl is wise to stay away from any activities that involve her married friends with their husbands. There's no point in her flattening her nose against the candy-store window and she's out of place at a gathering of married couples. As her friends marry, her relationship with them must continue in the area that is unchanged by the marriage—luncheons, shopping trips, women's club activities. Otherwise the married woman and unmarried woman's lives are too different; they can only, unwittingly, hurt one another.

If the unmarried girl is fortunate enough to find another girl her own age with whom she can share her interest in art galleries or books, they are wise to consider sharing an apartment. Both girls, through their mutual respect and affection, can help one another through the lonely patches of their lives. The essential of such a relationship is that neither girl tries to dominate the other and that both are free to go on about their work unchanged. I've always considered it a dreadful wrong to impose your personality and opinions on any other person, in a friendship or a marriage. I was once asked for my definition of living in sin. It's this: any



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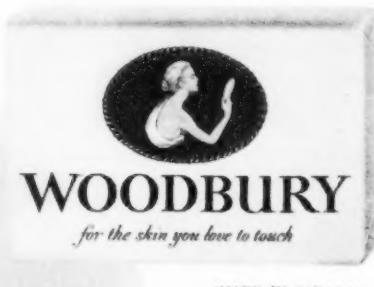
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two people living together while one dominates and tyrannizes the other are, to me, living in sin.

This takes care of the surface details of the single woman's existence. We come now to the difficult and complex area of her biology. Some women have met this problem with the ingenious hallucination that it doesn't exist. They keep a tidy brain. "You aren't married," they remind themselves, "so you don't even *think* about such things." They withdraw and become grey shadows, living grey shadow lives that are utter wastes.

The sex drive of the normal woman is capable of giving her great radiance. It's the force within her that makes her gentle with children; it's a power that can knock the cover off a golf ball or take her straight down an almost perpendicular ski trail; it's part of the passion she feels when an animal is mistreated; it's in the understanding she can give another human being who is desperately lonely.

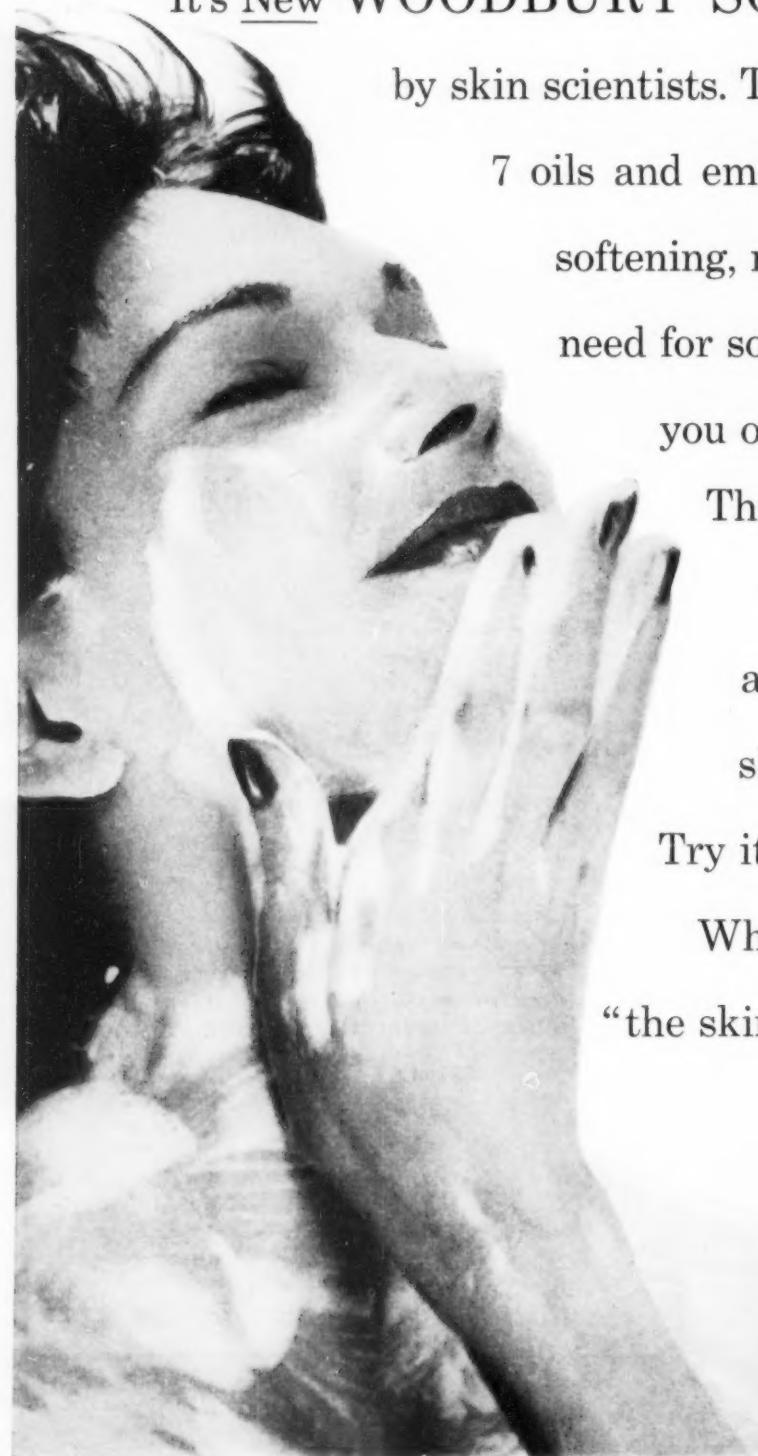
Passion Not A Necessity

It can also make her the most miserable of women. I recommend a policy of prevention in order to lessen the shattering effect of desire. If walking in the darkness makes a woman ache inside, then she should stick to daylight for her strolls. New Orleans jazz has a primitive tom-tom rhythm that does a single woman's peace of mind no good. Tschaikovsky wrote some mood music for two—and despair music for one. It's masochistic to listen to music that is disturbing.

The single woman must also avoid involvement in casual dates. "Sleeping around," as casual love-making is known in the vernacular, is destructive for a woman. Even if she avoids the formidable threat of pregnancy, her physiological pattern is shocked and mortified by the callous emptiness of promiscuity. A woman gets no real fulfillment in such flippant attachments; she is degraded and her spirit suffers terrible damage.

The human needs that a woman cannot do without don't include passion at all. They are affection, a sense of achievement, status and security. These four are the permanent necessities; the need for sex is a transient longing. The body can withstand a lack of physical love-making; the spirit can't withstand a lack of affection, achievement, status or security. I can't assure any woman that the desire for physical love is a light whim of the moment that will pass painlessly; it's a deep and terrible torment that can be met only by exhausting physical activity, by plunging into a professional challenge that is almost too big to handle, by volunteering for some demanding charitable work.

I've discovered, over an adult lifetime of looking at this problem, that each age group of the unmarried girl has its own distinguishing characteristics and must be dealt with separately. With girls in their twenties, the most common disaster is that an older man exploits the girl's admiration of him. Too often in offices, young secretaries come to adore worldly, urbane, middle-aged bosses. For a man of experience it is a simple matter to charm the girl into a hotel suite. This is the vilest crime a man can commit against the woman and often destroys her chance to marry. No woman is truly astonished when such a proposal is made; the man's



purpose is shown in advance by the tone of his voice, by his special interest, by not very paternal pats on the head. My advice to any girl, aware of the possibility, is to run. In order to avoid what is otherwise inevitable and dangerous, she must leave her job immediately.

A woman in her thirties has a dwindling chance of marrying. She has realized the path her life is taking—and it never looked more unpalatable. Her friends have small children and she is tortured by the knowledge that she will never hold her own baby. She is calling herself a bachelor girl, but she knows the synonym is old maid. At this point in her life, passion is going to sear her to the bone. She is bound to fall in love and her love is almost sure to be married, that's how fate always seems to set it up.

"I'm thinking of having an affair—with a married man," a patient of mine once told me bluntly. I suspect she was waiting for me to express horror and fan myself rapidly with a medical journal.

"Are you truly in love," I asked her, "or is this a physical need?"

"I love him desperately," she cried.

I told her what it means in a community to have an affair with a man. She would have to give up all her friends and clubs and go into a social and moral retreat; she would have to lie to her relatives in an attempt, usually unsuccessful, to keep the knowledge from them; she would have to be strong enough to accept that she was a part-time, illicit wife. She would have to face the knowledge that a real wife, bearing children and welcomed by society, existed elsewhere. Finally, she would have to begin the affair knowing it will end in three to five years, leaving her alone. My patient had thought her way through all these separate agonies and she was prepared for them all.

"Come back to me in three years when it is over," I told her. "I'll try to help you put your life back together again."

She came back, quieter, drained and passive, almost exactly three years later. The affair had ended and she was paying a bleak price. She had been standing still, treading water, for those years and her friends had passed her and become strangers. She would be a long time catching up.

Status and the Male Escort

An affair is a relationship that doesn't fit into any pattern that our society accepts. It is furtive and without the stamp of approval every woman fervently wants from her friends. She loses caste and has a sense of sickness in her soul. Yet if a woman understands the sacrifice that will be demanded of her and is deeply in love I cannot in any sincerity condemn the relationship. If tarnish can be avoided, and disillusionment and doubt, she will have a brief love to cherish and remember all her life. Such a love must be held gently and relinquished, when the time comes, without tears.

Most women in their thirties are preoccupied with a search for status. They feel disgraced if they have to arrive at a party with another girl, exit from movies alone, play cards only with women. They are willing to barter anything in order to have a male escort. It is the blight of our civilization that so much importance has been placed on



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1/2 tsp. vanilla
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1/2 cup each red and green glace cherries (whole)
Cream butter, add sugar and then add vanilla, salt and flour. Finally add nuts and cherries and form into rolls. Leave in ice box over night. Slice thinly with a sharp knife and bake on greased baking sheet in moderate oven (375° F.) for ten minutes.

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a male attendant. Because of this, the unmarried girl becomes part of a misshapen pattern; she's a party girl, available without dignity or grace, or else she dates younger, immature men who are looking for a mother. A recognizable type of foppish weak men makes a practice of dating clever, restless women in their thirties. It is a sickening solution to the problem of a lack of escort but too many women accept it greedily, gladly.

"But what do I do when I am in real distress because of desire?" I have been asked.

Read a mystery story, I answer. Visit a friend with five children under ten years of age. Take a very hot bath and plan your next vacation.

It is hard for a woman to renounce motherhood, which many women feel is their birthright, but it is vital for the unmarried woman to make this stern decision. She must stop feeling that

she deserves more out of life—life doesn't give any human what he or she deserves. No matter how sophisticated her set may be, it is impossible for the unmarried woman to consider having a baby. She can never live with the sense of continually hurting someone else, as such a child must be hurt.

As the single woman grows older she comes to a time when she wants the affection and admiration of younger people. Teachers seek the approval of their students, social workers involve themselves deeply in the problems of young people, office managers fondly direct the training of stenographers fresh from high school. The difficulty is often that the older woman is vicariously having her youth again; she is deeply wounded when the younger person becomes self-sufficient. This kind of domination, all too common, is bound to damage both women.

Women in their forties must guard

against any tendency to attach themselves to a girl in order to starch a wilted ego.

The forty-year-old woman can make an extremely happy marriage—but it's not likely to happen. The great turmoils that spring from passion are almost finished and that terrible struggle is over. Life comes back into focus again and her job and friends look new and fresh. If she has been wise enough to join a group or lucky enough to be part of a close-knit community, this mass affection will keep her steady through her menopause. She will discover, when she looks at married women of her own age, that their adolescent children are keeping them in a continual state of apprehension and dismay. She may have a few pangs left over, but singleness no longer makes her so wretched.

Once the fifties have been reached and the menopause is passed, life can be clear and zestful. The unmarried woman

finds that many of her married friends are now alone too, their marriages broken by divorce or death. Both women are in the same boat again, as they were thirty years before, and the only things that are really important are financial security and the necessity of being needed.

If the woman is to arrive safely at this good time in her life with her conscience intact, much depends on how she has used her biology through the thirty years when it ravaged her contentment. If she has respected the enormity of its power to defeat her judgment, her biology will not have been able to harm her. If she has used its force to help others and herself, spreading its vitality and warmth among activities or friends who needed gentleness, then her life will have been rich and rewarding. Female biology can illuminate or desolate—but it can never be underestimated. *



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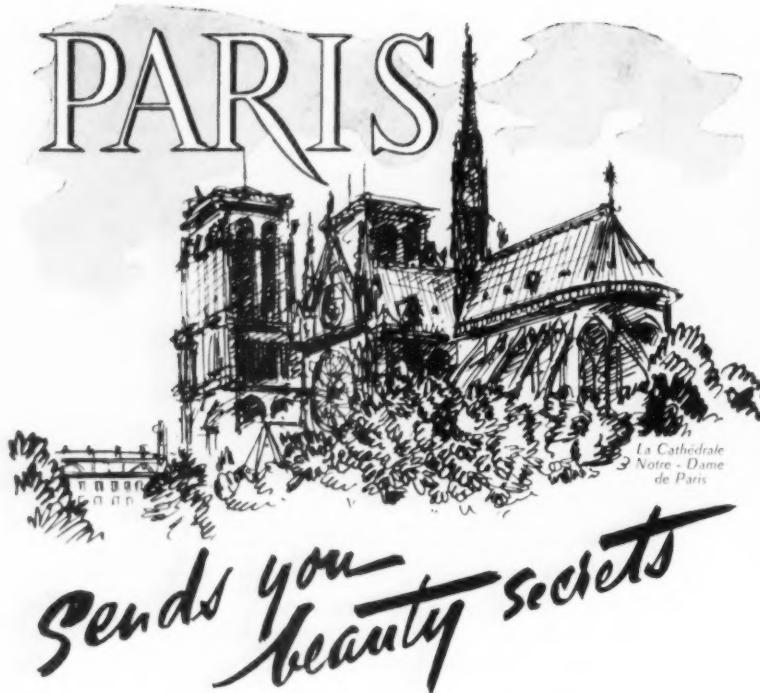


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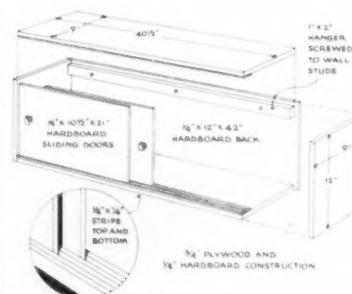
Let's Talk About Your House

WITH DORIS THISTLEWOOD

Storage Unlimited



Build these storage units yourself from the drawings on this page. For new ways to use these units turn to page 22 and our feature on dining-plus-living rooms

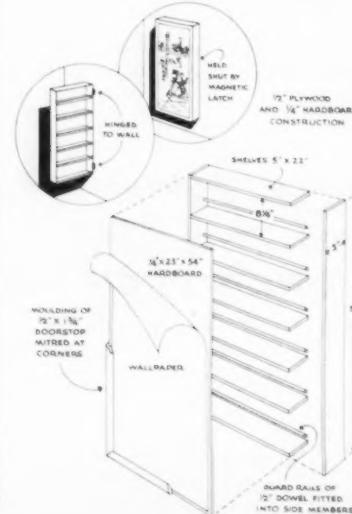
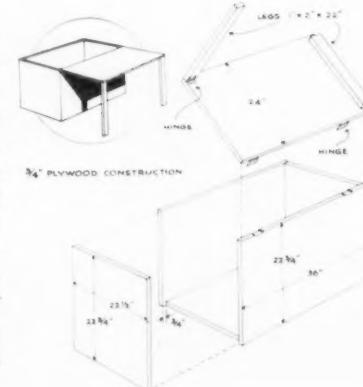


This compact storage cabinet with its sliding doors saves floor space. You can hang it over a chest or desk. In a narrow hallway it serves as a shelf for mail, hats and gloves; bread and milk tickets, and other odds and ends are hidden inside. Paint the sides the wall color or finish them in your favorite wood stain. The doors could be painted in a contrasting color.

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A decorative panel opens to disclose extra storage space for glasses or hobby supplies. A shallow box hinged to the wall has a panel surrounded with a simple frame and is held shut with a magnetic latch. Inside the frame is a strip of mural wallpaper. For the hobbyist a piece of heavy textured fabric or thin covering of cork could be used instead, to make a bulletin or display board. On page 23 we used the panel without storage space and fastened a full-length mirror on its reverse side for women who do home dressmaking. For a double mirror hang a second mirror behind the panel on the wall. *

NOT THAT I CARE

Continued from page 11

"One of my girl friends has a crush on you."

"Who, for pete's sakes?" I asked her, feeling goofy, but wondering who it was.

"Shirley McIntyre."

"She's only a kid!" I said, laughing.

"She's the same age as me—nearly fifteen," she answered.

I was going on sixteen myself.

"My name's Deborah Brewster," she went on.

"Deborah's a funny name."

She thought this over for a minute, then she said, "The kids all call me Debby," and her voice had tears in it.

It felt kind of funny standing there next to a girl that was nearly crying, so I looked around until I saw Harry Walsh and some other guys heading for the baseball diamond. "Be seeing you," I said, and ran to join them before she could say anything else.

That night I made sure I got into a different bus than she did for the trip home.

From then on, when I rode my bike down her street on my way home from high school, I looked straight ahead, and pretended not to see her sitting on her front steps. When she wasn't there, I'd feel kind of cheated, and wonder where she was. One afternoon she smiled and waved at me, but I looked the other way. Not that I cared, of course, but she never waved at me again.

Except for seeing her around the neighborhood the odd time, we never really met again until I was eighteen.

Before that happened though I fell for a dozen other girls. Sometimes I had a crush on them for a week or two, and at other times only for an evening. Every one of them seemed to be prettier than the one before, but now, looking back, I can't remember what any of them looked like.

It was on a Sunday afternoon two years ago, down at the beach, that I met Debby again. I was catching a softball with Ed Dawson, one of the other clerks at the Easy-Fit Shoe Store. There weren't many girls at our end of the beach, and I was getting tired of fooling around like that. Then he tossed a fast high one that I couldn't reach, and the ball ended up about thirty yards behind me. I ran back, picked it up, and threw it back to Ed. Coming back I noticed two girls sitting together in the sand, and I glanced down at them out of habit. One of them was Debby, making out she didn't see me, like maybe Lauren Bacall.

I turned away from her quick, not wanting her to see the way I felt. This will probably sound stupid, but I was happier at that minute than I'd ever been before. There was something about her that made me just like being around her, I guess. I know it's goofy, but that's the way you are sometimes when you're only eighteen.

After that I began acting phony, like you do when you think somebody's watching you. I missed the ball a couple of times on purpose, and when it rolled behind me I took a quick peek at her, but she was always staring out at the water.

Later on Ed and I sat down to take a rest. He noticed me, once, glancing

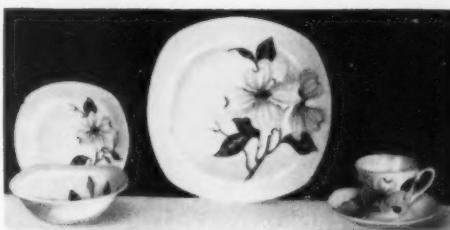
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BASIC ONE-RISING SPECIALTY DOUGH

Measure into a large bowl

1 cup lukewarm water
2 teaspoons granulated
sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's
Active Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well;
stir in

1 1/4 cups lukewarm water
3 teaspoons salt

Stir in

4 cups once-sifted
bread flour

and beat until batter is smooth and
very elastic.

Cream in a large bowl

3/4 cup butter or margarine

Gradually blend in

3/4 cup fine granulated sugar

Gradually beat in

3 well-beaten eggs

Add to yeast mixture, about a third
at a time, beating well after each
addition.

Mix in

3 cups more once-sifted
bread flour

Divide soft dough into 3 bowls to
finish as three specialties.

1. Butterscotch Nut Buns Melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine in 8-inch square pan; brush sides of pan with fat; mix in 1 tablespoon corn syrup, 1/2 cup lightly-packed brown sugar and 1/2 cup broken walnuts or pecans. Combine in a shallow bowl 1/2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 1/8 teaspoon nutmeg. Cut out rounded spoonfuls of dough, coat with cinnamon mixture and place in pan; sprinkle with any remaining spiced sugar. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 35 minutes.

2. Cheese Pull-Aparts Line bottom of

a greased 8-inch square pan with greased waxed paper. Cut half of dough into rounded spoonfuls; place in pan; sprinkle with 2 cups shredded cheese. Spoon remaining half of dough on top; grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 35 minutes.

3. Seed Buns Cut out rounded spoonfuls of dough and drop into greased muffin pans—each spoonful should about half fill a pan. Brush with melted butter or margarine; sprinkle with poppy seeds. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, 20 to 25 minutes.

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over at Debby and her friend, and he said, "Let's go over and pick them up."

"Pick who up?" I asked him.
"That couple of girls over there."
"Where?"

He pointed to Debby.

"Who wants to talk to them?" I asked. A guy couldn't even look around on a public beach without giving somebody a wrong idea.

"I saw one of them out at the Willows the other night with a guy in a car," he said. "She goes dancing there a lot."

I wanted to ask him more about her, but I was kind of scared of what he might tell me.

"Let's go over to them, Lanky," he insisted. "She keeps looking over at us."

"So what?" I said, feeling sore that he kept on asking me, but hoping he'd insist until I agreed.

Ed kept coaxing me to go, but I shook my head, and began digging a hole in the sand for something to do. I guess I'd have dug halfway to China if Ed hadn't stopped me by saying, "See what's happened, Lanky! They're getting ready to leave!"

I looked up then, and suddenly I didn't want Debby to go. Don't ask me how you can both want to talk to somebody and not to talk to them at the same time, but that's how it was. I guess I'm the only guy in the world that ever felt like that.

We watched them stand up and brush the sand from their bathing suits. Debby looked a lot older than me now. She must have seen me staring at her, because she began laughing at nothing, and pretending she was having all the fun in the world. Her girl friend was about the same age as Debby, and pretty too, although not as pretty as Debby. It's funny for two good-looking girls to go together, because usually a good-looking girl goes around with a plain one. It's true; that's one of the things I learned when I was about fourteen.

"She's sure a swell number," Ed said, pointing to Debby's friend.

"She's all right."

"No wonder the guys out at the Willows all chase her," he said.

"Is she the one you meant?" I asked.
"Sure. Who did you think?"

I began laughing kind of crazy. "Nobody," I said.

We got up and walked over to them. They were looking the other way, making out they didn't know we were coming.

Ed said, "Hy'a, girls. Want to play catch?"

Debby said hello to me, calling me by my name, and Ed gave me a funny look for not telling him I knew her. The afternoon passed in a kind of daze. We caught the softball for a while, and I pretty near broke my back reaching for every pitch. Debby asked me if I ever saw any of the old Sunday-school gang, but I told her I hadn't gone to Sunday school for years, and had almost forgotten the kids I'd known then. Ed and the girls laughed at nothing, and Debby showed her teeth as much as she could, and tossed her blond hair around so you couldn't help noticing how beautiful it was. Once or twice I found myself laughing too, at things that weren't even funny at all.

When we sat down together in the sand, I moved over beside Debby's friend, Bette. ("Spelled with an e at the end," she said, and you knew she'd changed the spelling of it herself.) Ed

gave me a dirty look for sitting with her, and Debby pretended not to care. As though a guy couldn't sit anywhere he wanted to on a public beach.

The whole afternoon was kind of crazy. Although I talked to Bette, and Debby spoke to Ed, Debby and I seemed to be talking to each other all the time. Whenever Debby wisecracked, I'd smile politely, yet I'd laugh like the dickens at the things her friend said. Debby was the same way, and you'd have thought Ed Dawson was Red Skelton the way she giggled at his jokes.

When it was time to go home, we changed into our clothes in the bathing pavilion and headed up the street from the beach. Debby and I found ourselves together, walking behind the others. It seemed crazy to be walking together after practically ignoring each other all afternoon, but I was glad that we were.

I'm not much for describing girls' clothing, but Debby looked like a million dollars, and it was hard to picture her as the same girl I'd met at the church picnic. She had tied her hair up with a green silk bow at the back of her neck, and was wearing a green sleeveless dress that made her look—well, kind of older and more sophisticated. Just walking beside her made me feel warm and giggly inside, and I was both proud and scared of her together. I remember the streets we crossed, people we passed on the sidewalk, the feel of Debby's hip as it brushed mine sometimes, the smell of her hair, and the kind of crisp, new-ironed smell of her clothes.

I felt suddenly older and stronger, and wished something would happen to give me a chance to save her or fight for her. No kidding! I actually hoped some guy would insult her, or we'd meet an escaped tiger, or something. She was so small and frail, and looked so clean and decent, that I wanted to protect her from all the dirty things around us, like guys swearing and stuff like that.

When we reached the corner of her street, we said good-bye to the others. Debby and Bette made arrangements to call each other up the following evening, and hinted about a double date with two guys called Bob and Lloyd. Not that I really cared, of course, but it made me mad having them mention it like that. When we left the others I didn't feel like talking, and Debby accused me of sulking.

She told me she was working as a secretary in an insurance office downtown. (I found out later that she was a comptometer operator, but that's one of the things you expect from girls; they're all secretaries at first.)

"What are you doing, Arthur?" she asked me.

I told her I was a shoe clerk, and she said it must be an interesting job. You could see right away that she was intelligent, and sympathetic too. I knew it was a good thing that I'd spoken to her that afternoon.

To make conversation I asked her if she went dancing to the Willows very often.

"Sometimes," she answered.

"It's got a bad reputation."

"Oh, I don't think so," she answered.

"Do you ever go out there?"

"No," I said. I hated to admit that I didn't, but you need a car to go out to the Willows. The closest thing I had was a passenger's interest on Wednesday

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nights in Ed Dawson's father's panel truck.

"You should go sometime and see for yourself what it's like," she said.

I thought of the double date she and Bette were having the following night, and suddenly it seemed that I could never compete with the other fellows she knew. In my mind they were all making sixty dollars a week and driving cars; and they were all older than me, maybe even twenty-three or -four.

"I don't think nice girls should go out to the Willows," I blurted out.

"Thank you very much," she said, starting to walk fast.

"What's eating you anyway?" I asked, my voice angrier than I really meant it to be.

"Nothing at all," she answered, and she didn't sound the same as she had done a minute before. "You walk home from the beach with an acquaintance, he insults you, then he asks why you're mad."

"How did I insult you?"

"As if you didn't know."

"You're crazy!" I said to her.

"I was crazy to let you bring me home."

"How did I come to be with you anyway?" I asked. "It was your girl friend I was with at the beach, if I remember right." Everything was slipping away from me, but I was too proud and stubborn to care.

She didn't answer me, and we walked with a wide space between us until we got to her house.

Neither of us knew what to say when we got to her front walk. Then she smiled up at me and said, "Thanks for walking me home." I guess she'd forgotten all the stupid things I'd said.

She was giving me the opportunity to make up with her right there and then, but what did I do? What did stupid, stubborn me do? I said to her, "I was afraid you'd get lost by yourself." Then without giving her a chance to say anything else, I walked away, feeling pleased with myself because I'd had the last word.

Don't ask me why I acted like that. Maybe I was afraid to let her see just how I felt. Maybe I didn't want her to think she had me cornered. Maybe I even got a kick out of making her feel bad for a minute.

That night I tossed and turned in bed and couldn't get her out of my mind. Everything about her kept making pictures in my head; how she looked, how she spoke, how she'd laughed on the beach. I got scared that some other guy would see the same things in her that I did, and grab her up before I got another chance. Goofy things like that. Toward morning I fell asleep, and when I woke up everything seemed okay again. Things were always okay in the mornings, but the evenings were terrible from then on.

After supper I'd get restless and go for walks, maybe past the bottom of Debby's street, or along the avenue where I'd seen her shopping with her mother a few times. Walking by myself like that I'd make up things to say to her when we met again, casual things so she wouldn't know how I felt. Sometimes I'd be happy, looking forward to running into her again, and at other times I'd be so lonely and mad at everything I'd hardly know where I was going.

I hardly ever saw the gang I used

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Plus 655 prizes (valued at \$10.00 each) of imported genuine Madeira willow picnic hampers packed with Heinz foods.

Here are four delicious dishes designed to delight your family, inspire your imagination, make you big money. Just cook one (or more)—serve it—name it! Then mail us any Heinz Ketchup neck label with your suggested name and complete this sentence in twenty-five words or less: "My family likes dish Number.....because....."



Dish #4

Ketchup with Poultry

Brown 2 to 2 1/2 lb. cut-up chicken in 3 tbsp. shortening. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Remove chicken. Sauté 1/2 cup sliced onion, 1 minced clove of garlic, 1/2 cup chopped carrot and 2 tbsp. chopped parsley until lightly browned. Stir in 1 cup Heinz Ketchup, 1 cup water, 1 tbsp. Heinz Vinegar, 1 bay leaf and 1 tsp. salt. Add chicken. Simmer, covered, 1 hour or until tender. (Serves 4 to 5).



Dish #1—Ketchup with Meat

Brown 4 lean pork chops in frying pan. Season with salt and pepper. Pour off fat. Place 1 slice pineapple on each chop. Cut 1 peeled, cooked sweet potato in 4 slices. Place on pineapple. Combine 1/2 cup Heinz Ketchup, 2 tbsp. lemon juice, 1/2 cup pineapple juice, 2 tbsp. minced onion, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. Heinz Worcestershire Sauce, 1/4 tsp. ground cloves. Pour over chops. Cover. Simmer 45 min., basting occasionally. (Serves 4).



Dish #2—Ketchup in Salad

In sauce pan, blend 2 tbsp. corn starch and 1/2 cup water. Add 1 twenty ounce can pineapple tidbits (liquid, too), 1/2 cup Heinz Ketchup and 2 tbsp. butter or margarine. Stir over low heat until mixture comes to boil and thickens. Add 2 cups diced cooked chicken, pork or veal and 1 1/2 cups sliced celery. Chill. Serve in lettuce cups. Garnish with 1/2 cup chopped nuts. (Serves 5 to 6).



Dish #3—Ketchup in Dessert

Heat oven to 350° F. (moderate). Place 4 cups sliced tart apples in buttered shallow baking dish. Combine 1/2 cup Heinz Ketchup and 2 tsp. lemon juice. Spoon over apples. Mix 1/4 cup sifted flour, 1/4 cup granulated sugar, 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon and 1/3 cup softened butter or margarine until crumbly. Spread over apples. Bake 40 minutes. Serve warm with vanilla ice cream. (Serves 6 to 8).



57

COOK WITH HEINZ KETCHUP For more flavour—Lots less work

1. Serve your family one of these dishes. Send us your suggested name for that dish. Then complete this sentence in twenty-five words or less—"My family likes dish Number.....because....."

2. Send your entry, along with your name and address and the neck label from any Heinz Ketchup bottle, to Heinz "Name-the-Dish" Contest, P.O. Box 3357, Toronto, Ontario. Be sure it is postmarked not later than May 31, 1956, and that it will be received by the judges not later than June 10, 1956. Enter as many times as you wish so long as each entry is filled out by you and submitted in your own name and each is accompanied by the neck label from any Heinz Ketchup bottle. Use one side of your own paper for each entry.

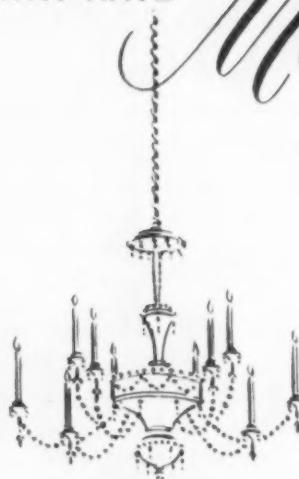
3. The contest is open to anyone in Canada, except

employees of the following organizations and members of their immediate families: H. J. Heinz Company of Canada Ltd., their advertising agency, Might Directories Limited, chefs and professional Home Economists in the commercial field.

4. Judging for the contest will be accomplished on the basis of individuality and originality of the name and sincerity of the statement. Decisions of the judges, Might Directories Limited and a panel of well-known Home Economists, will be considered final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of tie. All entries become the property of the H. J. Heinz Company of Canada Ltd. to use as it sees fit. None will be returned. Prizes will be awarded as soon as possible after judging is complete, either by person or mail. Names and addresses of the prize winners will be furnished after August 15, 1956, on request.

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THE CIGARETTE
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to hang around with. None of the usual stuff, like playing ball or going up to Indian Lake in old man Dawson's panel truck, interested me any more. All I wanted to do was meet Debby again, but I wanted it to look accidental, so she wouldn't think I was chasing her.

That's another thing you find out about yourself; that you'd sooner lose somebody you—like, than let them know you're sorry. You think of all the other fellows who meet a girl, fall for her, get married and everything, and you begin to think maybe you're the only stupid guy on earth.

I'd go to the movies by myself and sit in the darkness, trying to concentrate on the picture. But all the time I'd be watching every girl that came in or out, and imagining it was Debby. Some nights I'd hang around the corner of her street, hoping she'd come along. People must have thought I was crazy—and maybe I was. That corner seemed nearly sacred to me, you know that? It's goofy, but it's true.

Plenty of times during the first couple of weeks, I made up my mind to call Debby on the phone, but I always got scared before the call was completed. Once though, when everybody but me was out of the house, I dialed her number and heard the phone ringing at her place. I cleared my throat a couple of times, wiped off the palms of my hands, and got ready to be nonchalant.

"Hello!" a female voice said.

"He—hello! Debby?"

There was a woman's laugh. "No, this is Deborah's mother. I'm afraid she's out."

"Oh," I said.

"Who's calling please?" her mother asked.

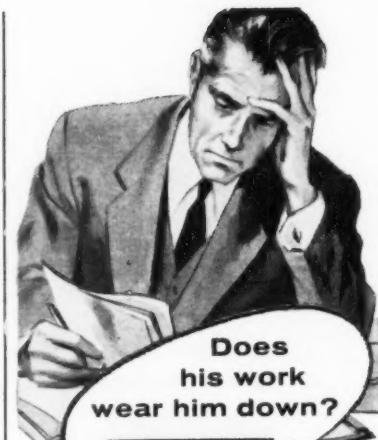
"Oh, it's not—it's not very important," I answered. "I'll call her again."

Her mother laughed. "Please do," she said.

Her mother's voice was kind of musical, like women's voices on the radio. I liked her, just because Debby was her daughter. Honest! Debby's family were all strangers to me, yet I was ready to like them all. One time I looked the Brewsters up in the city directory. It said, "Brewster, Charles, steamftr, 117 Almond Rd." I was surprised that her father was a steamfitter; the father of a girl as beautiful as Debby should be a lawyer or a factory superintendent or something. But it made me feel closer to her, somehow, knowing her father was a steamfitter called Charley. Other things made me feel the same way, like seeing an actress that looked like her in a picture, or her last name in the phone book, or just walking by and looking at her house.

Sometimes, late at night, I'd walk along her street, staring up at her house, picturing her sleeping, having a cup of coffee in the kitchen, or watching the television. One time there was a man carrying garbage cans down the driveway, and I knew it was her father, although I'd never seen him before. I felt as close to him as I had to anybody in my life.

About two months after seeing her at the beach, I phoned her again. Jimmy Bondi, a friend of mine, had promised to lend me his convertible any evening I wanted it, and I decided to invite



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Debby to the dance hall out at the Willows.

When I rang her up this time, she answered the phone.

"Hello, Debby," I said. "This is Arthur Lancaster."

"Why, hello, Arthur!" she said, as if she was glad I called.

We talked about nothing in particular for a while, then I said, "I thought maybe you'd like to drive up to the Willows with me some evening this week."

"The Willows! I thought you didn't like —"

I didn't want to start that all over again. "I was crazy that afternoon," I said. "I'm sorry I said those things."

"It was all right," she whispered. I was sorry then that I hadn't apologized sooner.

"Well, will you come?" I asked her.

"Gee, I know it would be fun, Arthur, but I'm afraid I can't."

"Next week then?" I asked, not caring any longer about pride or anything.

"I'm sorry, Arthur, but I won't be able to."

"Oh," I said, feeling myself shrivel inside.

"I'm engaged to be married," she said. "I've been engaged for three weeks."

She told me the fellow's name, but it was nobody I knew.

I could hardly speak, but I managed to congratulate her.

We talked for another minute or two, but I don't remember what was said. I tried to be as nonchalant as I could when I said good-by, and I think I fooled her, all right.

That night I walked for hours, and about half past eleven I found myself going down her street, on the side opposite from her house. Just as I was passing her place, the front door opened and a fellow came out on the veranda, followed by Debby. The fellow turned around and kissed her, before running down the steps. As he turned along the sidewalk he waved at her, and she waved back, before going in again and closing the door.

Maybe you won't believe this, but I think my heart stopped beating right then. When it started again, it beat against my ribs fast, then slow, then fast again, and I felt weak and sick inside. As he passed under the street lights I saw that her fiancé was a good-looking guy, about twenty-four. I knew right then that I was just wasting my time thinking about Debby.

After that I drifted back with the gang, and we fooled around the same as we always had, going up to Indian Lake, to the basketball games at the Y, and throwing away nickels in the juke box at the Greek's. Once in a while though something would happen that made me think of Debby more than usual, like when I got moved to the main Easy-Fit store, and I wished I could brag about it to her. You know, things like that. But most of the time I tried to forget her.

Last week I was turning through the paper from the sports section to the comics, and I saw her picture, along with a lot of other brides, on the women's page. It was Debby all right, right in the middle of the page. I read underneath it, "Miss Deborah Brewster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brewster, will be married to Lorne Alvin Martin, son of Mrs. Martin and the late Mr. Alvin Martin of this city, in St.

John's Presbyterian Church, Bellamy Avenue, on Saturday next."

I guess I stared at the picture for maybe five minutes. Then I cut it out and hid it under my clean shirts in the dresser drawer. At first I thought of sending her a card, signing it "Old Admirer" or "Lanky" or something, but I thought it might look corny and only hand her a laugh.

On Saturday afternoon I went up to the church and hung around across the road, watching the people going in

to the wedding. When the small crowd started coming out, I went over and stood near the church door. After a while Debby and her husband came out, and everybody but me started throwing confetti at them and laughing, like they do at weddings. She looked so beautiful, all dressed up in a white outfit and a veil and everything, that it nearly brought tears to my eyes.

Just as she passed me, I said, "Good luck, Debby!" and tried to give her the old nonchalant smile. She looked at

me, and for maybe a second I felt I was her husband instead of the guy who was leading her to the taxi. She smiled at me, and was gone.

Since last Saturday I've done hardly anything else but think of her. The picture I cut out of the paper is getting pretty blurred and crumpled. I guess a guy might not be able to forget a girl like Debby for months, maybe years. Not that I care, of course, now that it's over, but it sure makes you wonder why things happen like they do. *

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1 1/2 cups milk or water
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Beat briskly for about 30 seconds. Batter may be lumpy. Grease griddle lightly with unsalted fat. Heat until a drop of water will bounce on surface of griddle. Use 1/4 cup batter for each pancake. Cook until top side is covered with bubbles. Turn and bake other side till golden brown. If batter thickens, thin with milk or water.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

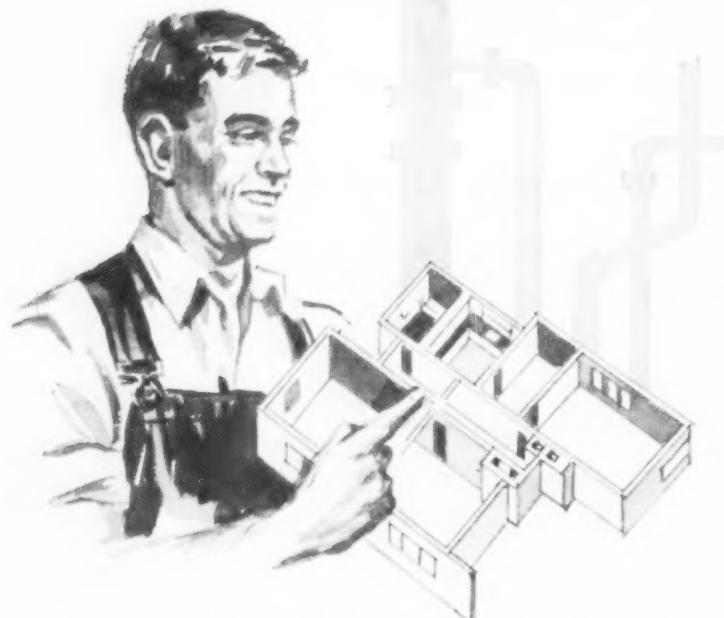
Write your idea for Tea-Bisk Pancakes. Enclose it with the top from a box of Tea-Bisk. Send to Tea-Bisk, Box 98, Postal Station D, Toronto, Ontario.

Entries must be postmarked not later than February 20th, 1956. All entries will be judged. They become the property of Maple Leaf Milling Co. Ltd., for use as seen fit. Winners will be notified by mail.

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THE DAY GISELÉ CAME HOME

Continued from page 16

That autumn Shuttleworth pestered everyone he knew at the CBC to audition his discovery. Jackie Rae listened to her sing the Hong Kong Blues in French and promptly took her to Trans-Canada Network manager Harry Boyle. Meet Gisèle, a fifteen-minute show, was born instantly in 1946. The Dominion Network of the CBC took another fifteen minutes of Meet Gisèle. Gisèle auditioned for Bert Pearl's Happy Gang, which was then radio's most successful show.

"I've never wanted a female vocalist on the Gang," Pearl told her, "but you're fantastic. Start Monday."

"I can't," stammered Gisèle. "My violin teacher wouldn't like it."

Shuttleworth saw to it that she missed few other opportunities. In 1950 Gisèle was exultant. She was CBC's The Girl Next Door, a show loved by thousands. She was on the leading musical shows in the country and many of them bore her name. On Gisèle and Mr. Cable, Howard Cable and his orchestra sometimes tormented Gisèle's ear with a collection of raucous, festered notes just before she began to sing. She was never disturbed. Her voice came out true as an oboe. That year Gisèle earned fifteen thousand dollars and was the highest paid entertainer in the country. She bought twenty pairs of shoes, furnished an apartment in Chinese modern and discovered she was an imaginative cook.

One evening a CBC musician was at a party attended by Ernest Bushnell, then director of CBC programs. "I've just fired Gisèle, Tony the Troubadour

and Edmund Hockridge," Bushnell remarked. "The public is tired of them."

In the next three months Gisèle made seventy-five dollars from the CBC.

"They decided I was on too many shows, that I couldn't sing, that my personality was wrong," Gisèle later told a newspaper reporter. "When the chance came to join Bob Crosby's Club 15 radio show in Hollywood, I grabbed it."

Club 15, a five-a-week early evening show, had known such vocalists as Evelyn Knight, Jo Stafford and the Andrews Sisters. Gisèle told few people that she had been offered a contract full of guile. If she was a success, the contract could be renewed for seven years; if she failed, she could be dropped at the end of two weeks.

"Canada's loss," mourned a headline when she left. Gisèle kept her thoughts to herself.

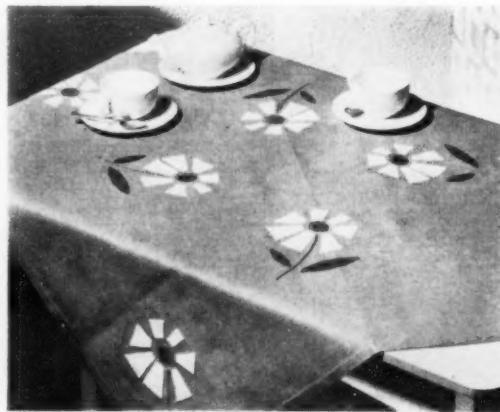
The Crosby show led to a night-club date in Las Vegas in the preboom days. Gisèle played her violin and attracted the attention of Jack Benny, an astute violin player himself, who was sitting at ringside. Benny hired her for his final television show that season. Scouts for the Hit Parade saw the show and signed her to a two-year contract.

Another guest appearance on the Jack Benny television show a year ago proved her biggest boost yet. Benny and Gisèle did a routine with violins that they had worked out during personal appearances for two years. The response was staggering.

"Nothing short of sensational," wrote Jack Gould of Gisèle in the New York Times. "To watch a star made in front of your eyes is always one of the entertainment world's most exciting experiences"

Since then Gisèle has been known as a comedienne with sufficient acting tal-

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ent to carry off a dramatic role. She introduced a record, *Hard to Get*, on a television drama show and it sold three quarter of a million copies. *Hit Parade* signed her to a new contract at better than two thousand dollars a week for the thirty-nine-week season.

"Will you be doing another show with Jack Benny?" asked Barris.

"I think so," answered Gisèle. "Sometime early in the year. I'm also doing a spectacular on the coast with Dinah Shore the middle of January."

As the airport limousine entered the maelstrom of Toronto downtown traffic, Elaine Grand asked Gisèle about cooking.

"I love to cook," Gisèle said with warmth and animation. "It's a wonderful way for me to relax after a hard day and I love to have friends in for dinner."

"Do you cook with lots of wines and sauces?" asked Elaine.

"No, they're too fattening," answered Gisèle. "I have to watch what I eat because I once weighed more than one hundred and fifty pounds. I have two meals a day, one at noon and another when I get home in the evening. If I have to get up before noon I have coffee and orange juice, coffee and orange juice, coffee, coffee, coffee. And vitamin pills. I'm a doctor's child and I believe in vitamin pills."

The limousine drew up in front of the hotel and Gisèle led a parade of reporters and photographers into the lobby.

More Questions to Parry

"We have a room where you can lie down for an hour," explained Jeann Beattie of MacLaren's Advertising, the agency handling the Motorama show for General Motors.

Gisèle nodded gratefully and disappeared. The press conference continued in a luxurious suite the agency had rented for the post-show party that night honoring Gisèle. Bob Shuttleworth, slimmer, lightly tanned and wearing a diamond stickpin in his silk tie, parried more questions.

"As Gisèle's manager," began Barris, "maybe you could tell us about that CBC television show that didn't come off this year."

"She couldn't consider it," said Shuttleworth affably. "Flying back and forth from Toronto to New York every week . . . she'd have lasted two weeks and then she'd be in the hospital."

As everyone in the room knew, this was only part of the reason. CBC-TV approached Gisèle last summer to star in a show and she requested certain concessions: the right to name her own musical director, for instance, and to have "name" guests from the States. The CBC refused.

"Wonderful break, that appearance on the Benny show," murmured Elaine Grand.

"Wonderful," agreed Shuttleworth. "I thanked Jack afterward for giving her such a big part in the show and he said 'Are you kidding? I was just using her. No sense in letting all that talent lie idle.'"

"Since Gisèle is French Canadian," asked someone, "how is she at cooking pea soup?"

"She hates it," replied Shuttleworth flatly.

The Motorama show was presented in the Automotive Building on the

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In the years that since have ensued, the Knights of Columbus has grown into a fraternal order of more than 960,000 members, spread over the United States, Canada and other countries of the Western World. But its purpose of "mutual aid" . . . and its principles of charity, unity, fraternity and patriotism . . . remain unchanged after more than 70 years.

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Canadian National Exhibition grounds. It was part of a General Motors display of products, to which the public was attracted by a lavish stage show on a ninety-foot stage. The CBC's telecast was based on this stage show, with a few extra flourishes like Gisèle for a star and Lorne Greene, now a prominent Broadway and Hollywood actor, for a narrator. The budget for the telecast, on which no limit was set, mounted to about twenty-five thousand dollars.

Gisèle arrived at the Automotive

Building around two o'clock in the afternoon, Jeann Beattie proudly led her to a dressing room in a converted office, with a make-up mirror and dressing table, red roses arranged in a silver vase and a sign WELCOME BACK GISELE propped over a sofa. The carpet, appropriately, was red.

As Gisèle came out of the dressing room, she met Howard Cable, who was conducting the orchestra on the show.

"Hello, Howard," she said, shaking hands. "Can we do Many Splendored

Thing in the first set and Hard To Get in the second?"

"Certainly, certainly," agreed Cable.

"You never change, Howard," Gisèle remarked as they started for the stage. "You never add a pound."

Standing beside Cable on the bandstand, Gisèle sang her first song through in a low voice that could be heard only a few yards away.

"Maybe just a notch down," she suggested when the song was finished. "Howard it seems a little . . ."

He nodded quickly, understanding.

"I'm sounding like an old turkey this morning," Gisèle mourned as she stepped down.

"No you're not," said the CBC producer, Peter MacFarlane, loyally.

"Yes she is!" roared Lorne Greene. "But she doesn't look like an old turkey."

Gisèle smiled wanly at him and Greene asked gently, "Tired, baby?"

"Everything happens at once," she said deprecatingly.

As she moved away someone mentioned that it was a shame Gisèle had left Canada.

"Sure," said Greene, "everybody is terribly sorry when someone leaves and terribly anxious to have them come back —until you mention price."

MacFarlane was talking to Gisèle at centre stage. "Can you give us about thirty seconds in here of ad lib?"

"Let me see," she said slowly, her finger deep in her cheek. "It's wonderful to be back in Toronto . . . it's terribly exciting with all these wonderful cars . . . are they all General Motors? . . . with all these wonderful General Motors cars . . . and so on. Is that all right?"

"Fine," said MacFarlane, "You might mention Hit Parade. We have a Hit Parade television show in Canada now, you know. It's in first place in the ratings, in solid like a rock."

Gisèle then rehearsed the part of the show where she was driven on stage on the back of a convertible, from which she was escorted for her first song by six male dancers.

After the number Gladys Forrester, dancer - choreographer, bent over in laughter. "Those dancers!" she spluttered. "They're supposed to go off stage after they help her from the car and they just stood there open-mouthed. We'll have to drop them through a trap door to get them off stage."

"Aren't you tired?" one of the singers in the chorus asked Gisèle sympathetically.

"I'm afraid to stop or I'll collapse," Gisèle admitted.

Her Toughest Break

Her part of the rehearsal ended, Gisèle wearily climbed thirty-seven stairs to her dressing room and fell into an exhausted sleep, behind a locked door.

The dress rehearsal began around five o'clock and Gisèle emerged in a bouffant yellow strapless gown, looking weightless and frail. CBC had supplied her with a woman to help her dress, a make-up expert and a hairdresser. Gisèle advised MacFarlane that she wouldn't need the hairdresser.

"She looked badly lined on last night's show," a script girl commented to MacFarlane.

"She won't look bad tonight," he remarked. "We'll light her front and centre. Makes Grandma Moses look like a chorus girl."

As she waited behind an enormous fringe curtain for her first cue Gisèle spotted Bruce Webb, a genial bass-voiced singer, and greeted him warmly. Webb was despondent. He had been the male singer in the regular Motorama stage show and had been replaced at the last minute in the television version. CBLT, the Toronto television station, was still announcing that Bruce Webb would be on the show.

"I had a deal once worse than that," began Gisèle.

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"Oh I know, I know," said Webb. "No," grinned Gisèle, "I don't mean the CBC. Three years ago I was supposed to be on a big Sunday television show from New York, the biggest. I won't mention the name but it was going to mean a lot to me.

"I had been working at a night club in Montreal up until late Saturday night and I had to open in Buffalo the following Monday. It was going to be a tight squeeze, but it was worth it.

"Well, I flew to New York early Sunday morning and rehearsed all day. Five minutes before showtime I was all ready, all dressed and all the make-up on except for one eyebrow. A little make-up man was just pencilizing in the final touch when a man burst into the room—and this is how he did it—pointed at me, snapped his fingers, and said, 'You, you're out!'

So Tired She Fainted

"I just stared. 'What do you mean?' I said. 'The show is running twenty minutes too long and you're the least important singer on it. Out,' he said.

"The make-up man just threw down the eyebrow pencil and turned away. The other girls in the make-up room began to laugh. I just ran out of there, costume and all."

"Poor kid," Webb murmured. "How you must have cried."

"Cry? I never stopped!" Gisèle said, her face drawn at the memory. "I had to fly to Buffalo without any sleep and open there the next night. I'll never forget it, never."

A moment later she got her cue, Lorne Greene's booming voice triumphantly announcing, "Ladies and gentlemen... Gisèle MacKenzie!" Smiling brilliantly, she was driven on stage through the fringe curtain into the dazzling lighting, the burst of music and applause.

Gisèle's part in the show was to sing two songs in the yellow gown, change into a street-length dress and cross the floor of the building where the Kitchen of Tomorrow had been installed. Here Elaine Grand would interview her, after which she would have four minutes to get back to her dressing room and change for her final two numbers. A police escort, it was decided, would be needed to get her from her dressing room to the kitchen set and back.

After the dress rehearsal Gisèle had almost two hours to rest. Her dressing room, guarded with proud busyness by Bill Crampton from MacLaren's, who used to play drums for Shuttleworth, was filled with grave activity.

"They're trying to help her get her mind off the show," explained Jeann Beattie. "She's so tired."

"She fainted twice last night," Crampton informed a waiting photographer.

"We hear she fainted last night," said a reporter to Shuttleworth, who was carrying Gisèle's dinner tray.

Shuttleworth looked baffled. "Well, yes, she did. Just once, but it wasn't much."

Maids from the cafeteria knocked on the door, whispered to Crampton and were handed autographed photographs of Gisèle. Jackie Rae went in to speak to Gisèle, whom he once had coached. The producer went in and a news photographer. MacLaren's agency executives went in and out, shaking their heads. "She's very tired," they commented. "Very tired."

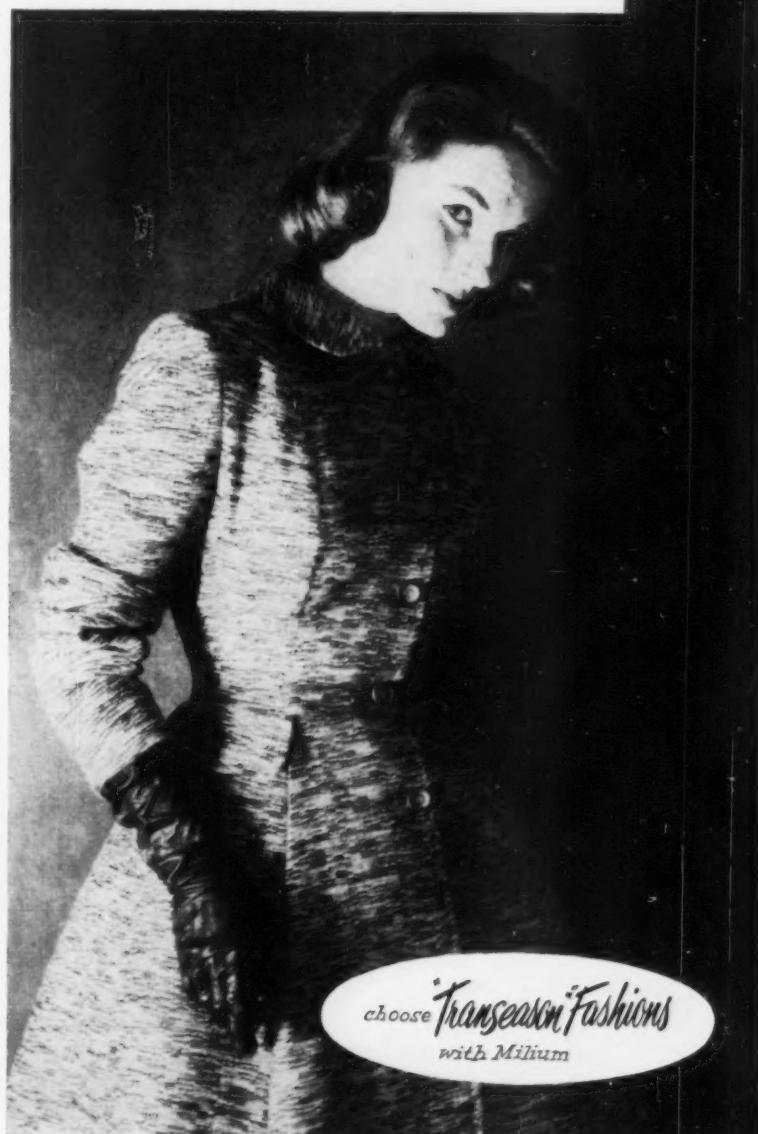
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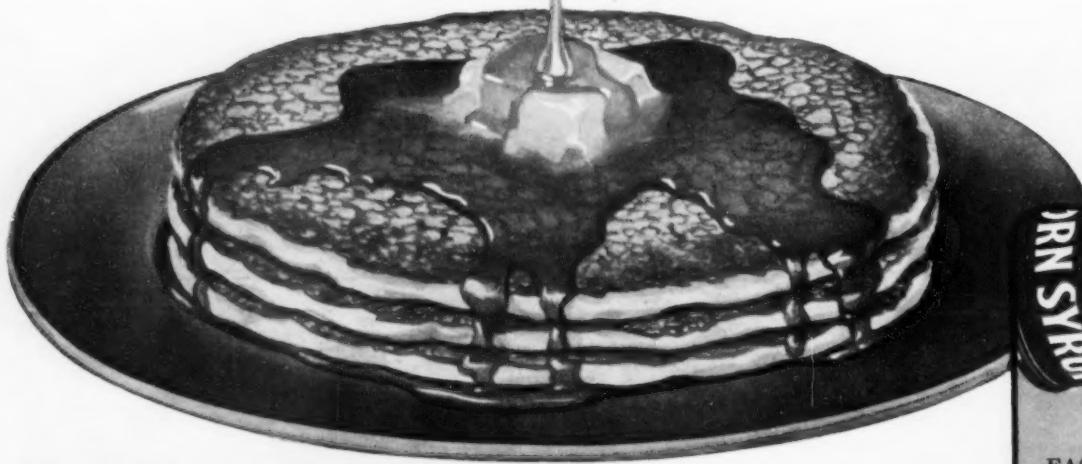
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begin, Gisèle arrived backstage in the yellow gown again. She was wearing her lucky perfume, Vent Vert, which she always wears during a performance because it "makes me feel good." She was sucking an English-made lozenge favored by singers to loosen their voices.

"I have to talk to Howard," she told a floor director.

"It's too late," he said wildly.

"But I don't know if he's going to play the intro once or twice! Can you find out for me?"

The director ran off. Gisèle walked slowly back and forth, murmuring under her breath the lines she was to say, "It is a great pleasure and a great thrill . . ."

The director was back, panting. "He's going to play it once!" he told her. Gisèle nodded, her face strained. Earlier that day Elaine Grand had asked her, "Do you ever get the feeling when you're doing a show that it just isn't worth it? That no amount of money justifies the pressure of a show?" Gisèle had answered emphatically, "Every show, every single show. I say to myself every Saturday night when I'm doing the Hit Parade that I'm going to quit. I'm sick before I go on, my stomach is full of nausea. Two minutes before Studio One went on I said to the director 'I'm

going to run right out of the studio. You'll never see me again.'"

Gisèle's cue, Lorne Greene's voice and the fanfare, cut across her taut expression. She spat out her lozenge and a gay, carefree smile started as the director signaled the chauffeur at the wheel of the convertible. The fringe curtain parted and Gisèle was driven on stage, waving vivaciously at the tumultuous applause.

"Hi Gisèle," a Boy Called

The police escort that led Gisèle from her dressing room to the kitchen set turned out to be four-strong, under a bedazzled sergeant.

"Do you want to sign autographs or go right through to the kitchen?" he inquired as Gisèle walked beside him, gravely balancing a cup of coffee.

"I guess it would be safer if I went right through," she answered.

"Okay boys," shouted the sergeant jovially. "No autographs."

The sergeant took the lead, two policemen fell in at either side of her and another followed closely behind as they walked quickly through the crowd. Heads turned in astonishment and most people recognized the girl and nudged their companions. A boy called out,

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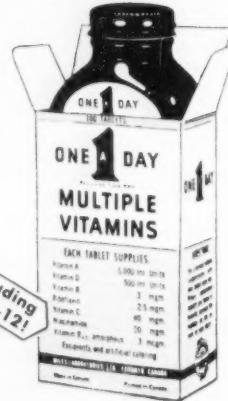


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"Hi Gisèle!" and Gisèle turned in surprise and called back "Hello!"

"Boy, there's a Canadian who made good," murmured a voice from the closely packed crowd surrounding the kitchen set as Elaine Grand interviewed her. "And more power to her," amenéd another.

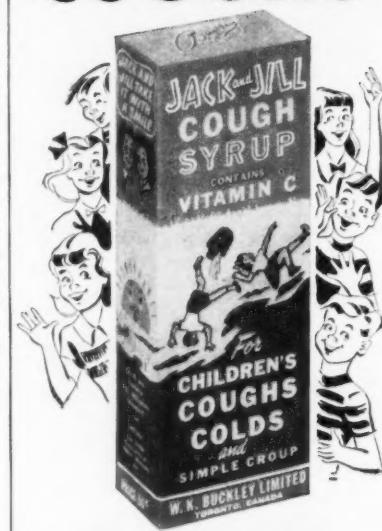
For her final two songs, Gisèle wore a cerise satin gown with a puff of nylon on one hip and an uneven hem line. She looked fragile and unreal as a Christmas-tree bauble. Her smile, in response to compliments from the cast as she waited backstage, was distracted. At the end of her final number she was to introduce the president and vice-president of General Motors. She kept repeating their names to herself.

While she was singing, the two executives, W. A. Wecker and E. J. Umphrey, climbed into the back of one of their automobiles to await their cue. They were grinning broadly under their television make-up. "You know, Bill," said Umphrey, "a whole new career may be opening up for us." Both men chuckled.

Afterward the party in the hotel suite was very gay. Although the show was later to get mixed reviews and be

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By P. J. Blackwell

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559 College St. Toronto, Ont.



HOW TO HANDLE THUMBSUCKING

A youngster may comfort himself with this habit because his daily life is too demanding. You can help him stop, if you don't make a battle of it

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

ARE YOU worried about your child's thumbsucking? All the experts agree that worrying about it is bad for both you and the child. It makes you more tense, and any increase in the tenseness of his surroundings just makes your youngster more likely to indulge in this tranquilizing habit. What, then, should you do about it? It is true that doing something tends to lessen your anxiety, but just what that something should be and when you should do it is still a matter of dispute.

Almost all small babies suck their thumbs or hands to some extent and it is likely that certain babies are born with greater sucking needs than others. Some seem to get all the sucking exercise they require from relatively short feedings, spaced well apart during the day. Others suck their thumbs a lot on such a regime. So, if your baby under six months of age is doing a lot of thumbsucking, you should see if increasing his feeding time will lessen it.

If he is bottle-fed use nipples with smaller or fewer holes. If he is breast-fed see if he will nurse longer. Occasionally he'll refuse to nurse longer and howl lustily when the milk in one breast is exhausted. You can then let him finish off on the second breast. Unfortunately you may find that longer sucking just results in more wind and discomfort and you'll have to revert to your former schedule. As a matter of fact thumbsucking is less common in breast-

fed babies, because they usually nurse for longer periods since you can't tell when they have had all there is.

Some well-qualified physicians suggest giving the baby a pacifier to suck instead of his thumb. You can easily keep this clean by dipping it frequently in boiling water. When he reaches six or eight months he will likely relinquish the pacifier of his own accord and he won't revert to his thumb. Apparently the idea is to give him lots of sucking during his first six months so that he'll get it out of his system, so to speak.

There is some evidence, too, that babies that are given a reasonable amount of cuddling, including of course being held when they are fed, are less likely to be thumbsuckers. Incidentally, I was surprised and shocked recently to see some advertisements for bottle-proppers or holders. These should never be used.

At about three months or so you will often notice that your youngster begins to chew his fist or thumb. He does this because his teeth are developing, and a teething ring will help save his hand.

From about one year on thumbsucking, if it persists as it does in about fifty percent of babies, takes on a different significance. If your baby just sucks his thumb when he is dropping off to sleep and occasionally during the day, you can probably ignore it, although some dentists will disagree



Now we both enjoy feeding time!

A picture of satisfaction—and why not? This baby loves Farmer's Wife and mother knows that the formula milk recommended for her baby was prepared especially for infant feeding.

Farmer's Wife Partly Skimmed Milk was originally developed at the request of paediatricians and is a high protein—low fat concentrated milk with the Vitamin D content increased.

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Large bottle only 45¢—Economy family size 75¢.

For the relief of:

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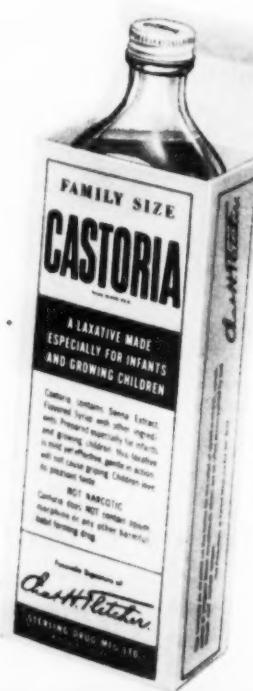
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with this advice. But if he does a good deal of it you'd be wise to review his daily program. When he feels ill at ease, shy, unhappy, bored, tired or hungry he is likely to seek comfort from his thumb, because it eases his tension.

Is he wearing himself out by playing too hard with older children? Here your plan would be to have him play quietly, preferably by himself, for part of the day. Has he enough interesting playthings and later on (after about two and a half years) at least one playmate his own age? Maybe you will have to spend more time with him and less on housekeeping and baking goodies which only make you and your family overweight anyway. Are you expecting too grown-up behavior from him? Are you being too bossy or too scolding? Does he get enough chance to play freely without a constant barrage of "no, nos" from you? To sum all this up, what can you do to make him happier and less tense? Of course, none of these reasons may apply to your child, and it is a fact that contented youngsters with good daily routines still unaccountably suck their thumbs. Some of them probably have inherited the tendency from parents or relatives who were thumbsuckers themselves.

Formerly it was thought that deformed palates and infections in the mouth and digestive tract were caused by thumbsucking, but we have no evidence that this is so. Its relation to displaced teeth is still not entirely settled. Some dentists would advise you to put thick mitts on their hands at six months of age if they suck their thumbs when they are going to sleep. Others don't feel you need to bother about it until they are three or four years old. They believe the baby teeth will come back to their proper position if the habit is given up before the permanent teeth come through. Also it is well to remember that a good many cases of malocclusion, or badly placed teeth, are due to heredity.

It's unwise to put ball-like aluminum mitts on his hands, firm rubber balls on his thumbs or splints on his arms to prevent his reaching his mouth, because he learns such a tremendous amount through his hands. These restraints retard his progress and are annoying and frustrating to him.

Scolding, shaming or slapping are not effective deterrents. If you make enough commotion over it, he may even keep it up to gain attention or to get back at you. If you or others tell him he's bad to do it, he will likely go off by himself to practice it unobserved. This is even worse for he becomes sneaky and feels guilty as well.

By four years or so, if your child is one of the unusual ones that keeps it up that long, you can probably appeal to his pride. He doesn't want to be called a baby or to be criticized for this unpleasant habit. If he wants a little reminder you can buy him some bitter solution (possibly quinine) that he can put on this thumbnail himself—under your supervision of course. Stars to stick on a calendar to mark the days he didn't suck his thumb help too.

If your child does continue to suck his thumb after one year of age or so you would be wise to have his teeth checked at intervals by your dentist. If his teeth are becoming displaced the dentist may suggest putting a painless little appliance on his teeth that will



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of a
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DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS are so easy to apply, and these cushion-soft pads really stay put . . . won't shift or curl. Yet they're easy to remove.

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stop his sucking. This won't do your youngster any harm whatever and won't cause him to develop any other disturbing habits. A child that sucks his thumb vigorously at four years of age should not only have this treatment but he and his parents should if possible seek the help of a specialist in child psychology or a child-guidance clinic.

Of course thumbsucking is a useless activity. A child can't play properly while he is doing it and probably he doesn't even take in much of what is going on around him. You naturally want him to give up this babylike behavior, but you'll usually succeed better if you use a positive approach rather than a negative one. Train yourself to ignore it, if you can, because if you let it bother you he will probably sense your antagonism to it. Certainly

you don't want to make it a battle between you and your youngster.

Sometimes babies will find other activities than sucking to relieve tension. A great many older babies and toddlers roll or bump their heads, jounce on their hands and knees or rock their cots vigorously before they go to sleep. These activities seem to ease the tension they apparently feel just before they drop off. Although the bumping and bouncing are decidedly wearing to the parents, they are quite harmless to the child. He won't injure his head with the banging, although padding or anchoring his cot to reduce the noise and to save the wall from damage is a good idea. This behavior does not indicate any defect, either mental or physical, in your youngster and fortunately after a year or so he will stop it. *

EXERCISES TO KEEP YOU FIT

Continued from page 19

Here are the kinds of exercise you need for fitness, in order of importance: 1. Exercises to give you good heart tone, blood circulation and breathing. 2. Abdominal exercises to correct a sagging abdomen, maintain digestion and keep vital organs healthy. 3. Tension-relieving exercises (seventy-four percent of women who answered our questionnaire on page 18 were troubled with nervous tension). 4. Exercises for agility and flexibility. 5. Strengthening exercises. 6. Posture exercises to make you more attractive and help prevent back-aches.

The following exercises were especially developed at Sports College to answer these needs. You'll achieve at least minimum fitness if you do them ten minutes a day. But you must do them every day. The best time is in the morning when you get up so you won't forget.

Stretching. Lie down (or if you're in bed, just stay there) and stretch thoroughly as many muscles as you can. Twist your upper body one way and



your lower body the other. Or stretch one leg out, while bringing the other knee to your chest. By experimenting you'll develop good stretching technique. Stretch for two minutes. This will lengthen your muscles, stimulate your blood circulation, make you feel fine.

Abdomen. While still lying down, take a deep breath and hold it. Try to pull your stomach in to your spine. Now puff up



your stomach muscles, still holding your breath, trying to make a mound of your stomach. Release your breath. Repeat several times, pausing ten seconds between each breath. This is a wonderful exercise—part of a great Yoga exercise called the *kundalani*. Simple though it is, it has helped some of the world's leading athletes. It aids in preventing

constipation, improves muscle tone of the abdomen and helps improve the tone and functioning of vital organs.

Heart and breathing. After a few second's rest, get up and practice stationary running. Run on one spot, on the



balls of the feet, leaving arms loose at the sides. This exercise is the best single heart and breathing conditioner. Practice this daily and you won't notice running for a streetcar. Always stop this or any exercise when you feel pleasantly tired.

Flexibility and strength. Assume an extended push-up position on the floor (face down, resting on palms of hands and toes). Raise your hips as though



you were creating a jackknife. Try to reach the ceiling with your hips. Now try to touch your chest with your chin. Hold this position for a couple of seconds, really working to get your hips higher and your chin nearer your chest. Next, reverse the position. Lower your hips to the floor and try to touch your back, between the shoulder blades, with your head. Keep your arms straight at all times.

Now begin alternating the position (hips up, head down, hips down, head up) as fast as you can. At first, do this about four times, gradually increasing daily until you can alternate rapidly fifteen times.

This exercise, called the "overall stretch," is good for flexibility of body and back, and for strengthening.

Tension and headache. Lie down and



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At the first sign of dry hands make the two drop test! See how deep-penetrating Trushay restores the rich natural oils to your skin . . . helps renew delicate skin tissues. You need only two drops because Trushay is so rich in protective ingredients.

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You'll love the clean, fresh fragrance, too!

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COOKERS—the ultra new Presto Cookers, in beautiful, modern styling, are safe, fast and economical.



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rotate all your joints one at a time, first right to left, then left to right, in big easy circles. Finish with the neck. This exercise keeps the joints and their surrounding areas flexible and helps relieve



tension. The neck rotation especially, performed when you feel tense, is a well-known way of preventing the onset of headache.

Flexibility and tension. Stand with feet comfortably apart (about twelve to sixteen inches). Bend your knees and put your palms on the knees in a football



halfback stance. Keep your head up and look straight ahead. Tense your muscles. After only a second or so, relax your muscles and let your body slump between your legs, still in standing position. Your arms will fall between your legs, your head will roll forward onto your chest, your upper body will sag. This exercise is called the "monkey slump" and develops flexibility in hips and lower back. It also relieves tension.

Back, neck, shoulders. To finish your routine exercises, try the "star gazer." Stand straight, stomach well in. Clasp hands behind your head. Now move head back so that you are staring at the ceiling. At the same time resist this head movement with your hands, so that head and hands are fighting each other—head trying to go back, hands trying to push it forward. Hold this pressure three or four seconds and repeat several times. This exercise helps maintain muscles of the back, neck and shoulders.

Perform these simple exercises for ten minutes every day without fail and you will find your standard of physical fitness rising sharply.

Special Exercises

For foot and leg fatigue, caused by insufficient strength for hours of working in stores or restaurants, try this: Sit comfortably, rotate feet in big circles at



the ankle joint, first right to left, then left to right. Pull the foot backward as though trying to touch your shin with your toes. This relieves tiredness by stretching the muscles.



Help wanted?

Do you need something to help you break the grip of a chest cold? Does raspy breath, hoarse, tight throat or tickling cough keep you awake at night? See what quick and soothing relief you get from Pinex Cough Syrup. Pinex now has a special ingredient* that soothes raspy breathing, loosens phlegm and relieves tickling cough. Gives relief in a jiffy. Pleasant-tasting too. Get a bottle today.

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BABY'S OWN Tablets

Another relief for leg fatigue is to lie on a floor or bed with your feet propped straight up in the air against a wall. Hold the position ten or fifteen minutes and you may feel like dancing that same night. Roger Bannister, the Englishman who first ran the four-minute mile, does this exercise between races.

To strengthen foot and leg muscles try stationary running, described earlier. "Bouncing" is also excellent. Jump in the air as high as you can, then lock your knees stiff as you come down and bounce as long as you can on the balls of your feet. This exercise also improves the contours of ankles and lower legs and reduces fat around the ankles.

Much lower-leg pain is caused by high heels; the forward angle of the foot keeps calf muscles constantly contracted. High heels also tend to make calf muscles lumpy. To lengthen your



calf muscles, take off your shoes and stand facing the wall at arm's length; rest your hands at stomach level against the wall, and gradually edge your heels backward, keeping heels flat on the floor. You will feel your calf muscles being pulled out.

For backache, you will want to strengthen, loosen and relax your back. Did you know that a person may, depending on body build and fatigue, be one and a half inches shorter at night than in the morning, due to the down-

ward pressure of her weight on her spinal column?

To strengthen your back, use the "rocker



curl." Lie on your stomach on the floor, with arms outstretched in a swan-dive

position. Keeping your legs together and knees stiff, try to make a big box in your back by lifting your arms, head and upper body, while at the same time raising the legs (keep the knees stiff). Get both ends of your body as high as you can. Relax. Repeat five or six times each time you exercise.

For stenographer's backache, try the star-gazer, already described, which can be done in an office or washroom. Or rotate your head on your neck in slow circles, letting your jaw hang loose and

placing the tongue against the back of the lower teeth.



If your lower back is very inflexible, try an exercise called the "north and south." For this, stand with hands on hips, lean upper body over toward the

bringing up baby



*Hints collected by Mrs. Don Gerber,
mother of five...*

Although most toddlers dearly love to eat, some of them do get choosy from time to time. If your child is going through a pick 'n' choose period, try not to fuss, but do vary menus more. Substitute foods he (or she) likes for those he doesn't. After a bit try re-introducing the rejected items. Chances are Junior will have forgotten those self-styled prejudices and lick the platter clean.

Profitable sharing plan. Eating alone isn't much fun. Toddlers are sociable beings, and often eat better when mother shares the same bill of fare. So why not try a mother-toddler luncheon? Fun for both baby and you — cuts down food preparation too.



*MEAT PIE

1 container Gerber Junior Beef or Veal

3/4 cup mashed potato

Butter small casserole. Place half the mashed potato in bottom. Top with meat. Spoon remainder of potato in mounds around edge of casserole, leaving a bit of meat showing in center. Bake at (375°F) until lightly browned. Season to individual taste.



More menu ideas for one or two. Gerber's "Recipes for Toddlers" is yours for the asking. Write me, Dept. "B", Box 17, Toronto 18, Canada.

Short cut to longer life for little girls' dresses. Snip off part of the skirts — hem tops and use them for blouses under little jumpers. They're charming.

Brush-up lesson. Corduroy overalls look better, last longer when you don't iron them. While overalls are still damp, brush the pile in one direction to keep the corduroy fluffy and new looking.

Meat-y facts. Active toddlers not only get a good satisfied feeling from meat, but this important food provides the complete proteins vital to growth, strength and muscle development. Gerber Junior Meats are made from selected juicy cuts — carefully prepared to remove almost all the fat and fiber and preserve true-meat goodness. All three are 100% meat, chopped into tender, evenly-minced bits that tots with a few teeth can manage easily.

Match trick. More than one little tot in the house? Try initialing little socks on the bottom with indelible ink. Makes it easier to match and mate socks when sorting clean laundry.

Simply delicious. That's the way to describe the new Gerber Junior Chicken Noodle Dinner. Delicate chicken, fluffy egg noodles and bright carrot bits are all happily combined with savory chicken broth. Truly a flavorful dish for your darling.

Toothsome idea that's wholesome too! Gerber Teething Biscuits are made of enriched cereal — baked extra hard to provide biting exercise and soothing relief for tender gums.

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*Please order from Mrs. Ivy Clark,
Chatelaine Needlecraft Department,
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Sorry—No COD orders.



Why your child needs your help when pimples strike

by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent as letters from adolescent girls with pimples. That's why I want to alert mothers to the double dangers of this problem. Specialists warn that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause permanent damage to a child's personality. And everyone knows that acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave permanent scars on the skin.

Is there a way you can help your child? Yes, thanks to CLEARASIL, a mod-

ern, scientific medicated formulation especially for pimples. In actual clinical tests, CLEARASIL brought positive relief in a high percentage of cases.

Greaseless, fast drying, antiseptic...
CLEARASIL dries pimples surprisingly fast. Ends embarrassment immediately because **CLEARASIL** is skin-colored to hide pimples as it works. Must work for you as it did in clinical tests or money back. Only 69¢ and \$1.19 at all drug gists.

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front as far as you can. Then lean backward at least as far as you have to in order to see where the ceiling joins the wall behind you.

let your knees fall apart. Do this three or four times and you will feel much more relaxed.

A good control for tense, emotional moments is to keep your breathing slow and easy and deep, consciously refusing to allow the shallow, rapid breathing to supervene as it always does when tension builds into temper and emotionalism.

Another good reviver. Lie down for fifteen minutes; place an icebag over the heart area, half on your chest and half on your stomach. This improves circulation and is generally stimulating. It often acts as a tonic on the eyes, too, making them brighter and improving visual acuity. It is used by goalkeepers and baseball hitters.

Once you have the fitness habit, teach your family to be fit too. Show your children how to relax. It will help them all through life. Tell a child he's a rag doll. Have him dance up and down like a doll that's been out in the icy rain, all frozen tight and stiff. Now tell him the sun has come out and melted the frozen doll. His arms and legs are becoming very loose. His head rolls easily. He'll soon learn the difference between tension and relaxation.

Show your husband how to keep fit—if you can get him to stay out of his car long enough. You'll be surprised at the lessening in marital strife.

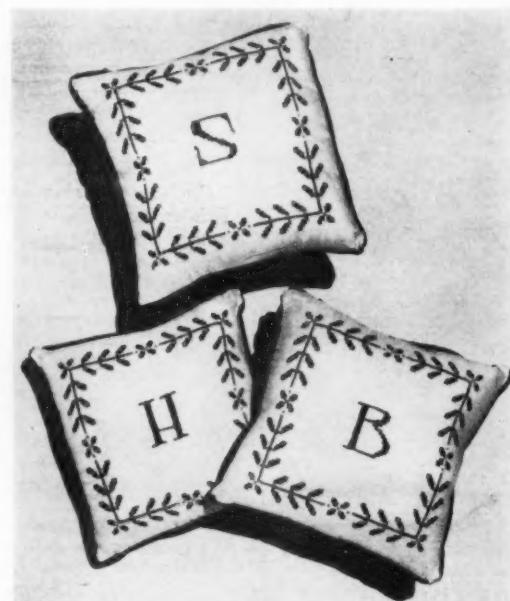
For the sake of ten minutes a day you can all discover a new, more vital enjoyment of life. ♦



General fatigue may be due to the fact that you keep yourself unnecessarily tense. The secret of effective work is to use only the muscles you need, keeping the others relaxed. Try this test. Purposely tense all your muscles and work for a few seconds. Then relax all the muscles you don't need and continue working. Is there much difference? How do you normally work?

If you feel tense while at your desk, try the following: place your elbows on the desk, keep your feet close together and gently squeeze the insides of your knees together. Lift your shoulders a little and hold this position for a couple of seconds. Now let your shoulders drop down, let your head fall loosely forward.

A Chatelaine Pattern



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Three small cushions stamped for cross-stitch embroidery on a choice of Irish linen in Wedgwood blue, peach or gold. Kit includes three cushion covers to fit 12- by 12-inch forms; one hot-iron transfer of the complete alphabet for stamping your own monogram; and instructions for making. Price, \$2 for set of three. Threads 50 cents extra. Order No. C242. Please give second color choice.

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12 ESSENTIALS FOR HEALTH—all in one small easily taken capsule, including the red Vitamin B₁₂.

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The distinction of
**Chateau
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glorifies all your furnishings

What makes *one* room look elegant . . . and another just commonplace? Frankly it's often the carpet on the floor. For more than any other single piece of furnishing, the right carpet can give your room the look of luxury you want. And no carpet can glorify your room overnight better than Barrymore's new CHATEAU HALL Broadloom!

This gorgeous carpet is so thick it gives a 3-dimensional effect . . . with its rich embossed texture. Yet magnificent CHATEAU HALL costs no more than other fine broadlooms! All-wool, it's woven to last many years. In luscious colors: beige, green, cinnamon, grey. In 27", 9' and 12' widths. See this Barrymore in leading house furnishings departments everywhere. Its moderate price will surprise you.

FROM THE
LOOMS OF
Barrymore

*the label of a
quality carpet*



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